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SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF  
ALL NATIONS



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**SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS  
OF ALL NATIONS**



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that his music is saturated with Croatian folk-song; that César Franck, a "French" composer, was a Belgian; and that Offenbach, who wrote the *typical* French comic operas, was a German Jew. Now, all this is undeniably true, and is a wholesome corrective to the somewhat confused thinking of many of the folksong enthusiasts. And yet it is possible that Mr. Newman overstates his case when he says that race-quality and nationalism have *no* influence on art. If race has any effect on character, that must be reflected in art and thought. And it must be remembered that this relentless analysis, carried to its extreme, will explain away everything in heaven and earth.

*The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*

are less than a vapor: they are but vibrations in a hypothetical ether. Broadly speaking, we see that there is a difference between the Scot, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Englishman, the Chinaman, and the Negro. Much of that is no doubt due to special influences, such as climate, ways of life, and education; but these two last have themselves to be accounted for, and are probably due partly to inherited tendencies. It is quite true that a man of one stock transplanted into another usually takes on, more or less, the mental color and characteristics of his new *milieu*: Grieg, of Scottish descent, becomes the typical Norwegian musician. But it is no less true that racial characteristics sometimes crop out in the most unexpected manner; just as the ordinary pigeon-fancier sometimes finds a specimen of the original blue rock-pigeon among his new brood. There is a reversion to type: *i.e.*, race does count for something. Do not the Jews preserve their mental and physical traits to a striking degree, even when subjected to the influences of English society?

On the other hand, Cecil Sharp surely carries his theory to the verge of the ludicrous (or beyond) when he says: "Folksongs, so far as they are the natural, spontaneous product of uncultivated minds, must of necessity be beautiful, in the same way, and for the same reason, that all elemental things, the trees, clouds, hills, and

rivers, are beautiful." (*English Review*, July, 1912.) We do not judge poetry so: we do not take the natural, spontaneous product of uncultivated minds, much of which is unprintable, as poetry superior to that of Shelley and Keats. Mr. Sharp lays especial stress on the supreme value of un-selfconscious art; as if Virgil, Dante, and Michelangelo were devoid of self-criticism. He is getting somewhat nearer to the truth when he says: "Nationality is the controlling factor, not race" (*ibid.*), and here he approximates, as I shall show presently, to Mr. Newman's position. I think the dispute is largely a matter of words. All are agreed as to the great beauty and value of many folksongs, and also as to the fact that although we form in our minds a representative image of a nation, few individuals conform to the type. Surely it should be possible to find the central point of view.

In past days travel and intercommunication between tribes and nations was very much more difficult and rare than it is at the present day. Each community was a self-dependent whole, producing its own food and manufactures, having its own modes of life and types of thought and art, and cut off by difficult barriers from its neighbors. Great migrations of races took place from time to time, and the hordes settled into new surroundings and were of course influenced by those surroundings. But the race-characteristics seem to have counted for something. The striking difference in the mental attitude of the Mongolic and Aryan stocks seems to suggest that there is more here than can be explained by a difference of surroundings; since, after all, the same sun, earth, air, and water are common to all. Bodily organization must count for something. Do we not see in our day, one family, vigorous and large-limbed, becoming hunters and soldiers; while, in the same parish, another family, of less athletic build, become students and artists; and a third, intermediate, become farmers and tradesmen? Their occupations of course react upon their minds; but their bodily organization is itself a factor in the equation. Well, the case is similar if you expand the family to the tribe and the nation.

After these migrations each tribe settled down in its own home; its surroundings and mode of life reacted on its character and mental habits; and strongly marked differences slowly arose and became fixed characteristics; while chance settlers among them would become naturalized and take on the color of their adopted family, though "sports" might from time to time crop up to indicate their original ancestry. The art of each group would also have its peculiarities. This is really the kernel of the matter; and this Ernest Newman fully acknowledges. He says: "No one disputes that at certain times and under certain conditions the art of a small community acquires a stamp that differentiates it markedly from the art of communities living under other conditions." (*English Review*, August, 1912.) I think, however, as indicated above, that while he is right in attributing to circumstance the main part of the differentiating influence, he should not deny to race and bodily organization (partly a racial product) any share at all.

This has been the state of things; but it is passing away. Steam and electric travel, the printing-press, the telegraph and telephone, have given mankind a fresh set of nerves, and have obliterated distances and all the difficulties that were formerly prohibitive, in the way of the interchange of ideas. And the result is that in music, among other things, the old distinctions are fast dying out. As Mr. Newman says: "Two hundred years ago a French Debussy would have had no influence on a composer in Drumtochty, for the simple reason that the latter would never have heard or seen a note of Debussy's music. To-day, the printing-press has brought it about that Debussy and the man in Drumtochty live, to all intents and purposes, next door to each other, and can chat all day long." (*English Review*, August, 1912.) The result is that the peculiarities which were formerly characteristic of special countries or districts are now used indiscriminately by composers of any nationality at their own fancy; and it thus becomes important, as in the case of the types of character above mentioned, to preserve the best specimens of the

work of these national schools before they are finally submerged.

A very severe selection should be made, however, and only the best specimens kept; otherwise the whole is likely to be cast away as rubbish; and I am afraid Vaughan Williams has sometimes erred on the side of lenity in preserving and setting for orchestra and choir, tunes which only bore audiences to extinction. Unless he is more ruthless in his criticism, he will defeat his own purpose. And in fact, Cecil Sharp gives this part of his contention away when he says that he has published only ten per cent of the three thousand tunes he has collected. (*English Review*, July, 1912.) In poetry, only a very few of the best pieces of even great poets are preserved; and is it reasonable to suppose that we can make room in our growing luggage for every utterance of the "unlettered peasant"?

As to what folk-music really is, Mr. Sharp contends that "folk-music is not the deliberate and conscious invention of the individual, but the spontaneous product of the subconscious mind of the community." (*Ibid.*) Was there, then, no original brain that was the instrument of this communal subconscious mind? He acknowledges that there was; but, if so, is it not likely that this brain, being the most susceptible to the influence, would be the finest in organization, and that alterations by singers would be usually in the nature of corruptions? That is how we regard such alterations in the case of poetry: we do not consider that variations, and bits of gag, due to actors, are improvements on Shakespeare's text; or that the wandering *trovatore* who sang the *chansons de geste* improved the *Chanson de Roland*. Mr. Sharp says: "I have never met with a singer who could detect small melodic differences" (quoted by Newman, *English Review*, May, 1912), which hardly seems to indicate that their alterations can be of any great value. I have myself found the same: I took down a Suffolk song from the lips of a fisherman; and when I found it later, in a collection, in two or three forms, none of them agreed with mine. How many versions, too, do we hear of the lav-

ender song sung by hawkers in the streets of London?

Surely, what we should accept as folksongs—the songs of the folk—are songs which have sprung up among them, or have gone to their hearts and become part of their lives, even though the author may be perfectly well known to themselves and others. And national songs and tunes should be accepted on the same lines. *Home, Sweet Home*, although we know its origin in an opera of Bishop's, is as truly a folksong—a song of the folk—expanded into a national song, as *Greensleeves*. Surely *Old Folks at Home*, though we know it was written by Foster between 1826 and 1864, is as really a folksong in the true sense, as *The Wearing of the Green*. I think this talk of communal subconscious production in art is a mistake. Great art is produced by a great artist, a man of technical skill, though he may be, and probably is, in a clairvoyant state at the time of production. What makes a song a folk or (in the larger sense) a national song, is its touching the hearts of, and acceptance by, the district or nation.

Another of the theories of the enthusiasts is that we should feed our minds chiefly and base our music upon folk-music. This I think to be not only a mistake, but a dangerous one. Nature abhors such inbreeding. The inevitable result would be a poverty-stricken, anaemic art. Certainly we should assimilate the songs of our own country; but we must open our minds and souls to all the best and highest thinking in the world, if we are to produce anything vital. If race has all the influence that Cecil Sharp and Vaughan Williams make out, it will inevitably assert that influence, and will be all the richer and fuller for a larger experience. Such matters cannot be hurried. The national flavor will come out in its own due time. American literature was at first largely European in its culture and tone. It has not been by restricting its pasturage to local songs and essays that the real American note has at last emerged, but by allowing time for the new environment and the thousand influences of experience and thought to soak into the national consciousness. Walt Whitman, though he does

not quote, is the product of a world-wide experience, in special circumstances. Chaucer is one of the typically *English* poets. Did he confine his browsing to English songs and literature? On the contrary, he is remarkable for the large admixture of Italian and French that he incorporated in our literature, thereby enriching its blood.

Professor Bantock, however, makes a significant distinction between folksongs and a particular class of national songs. Folksongs, as I have indicated above, may obtain so great a vogue as to become national songs; but the national song which is officially commissioned, and written on patriotic lines, is only by a stretch of charity to be called a folksong, not having spontaneously arisen from the intimate life of the people. Thus, for convenience of classification, we may speak of this more unassuming type of music, whose author is frequently unknown, as folksong, while we apply the term "national song" to such as Haydn's *Austrian Hymn* or the *Marseillaise* as well.

Professor Bantock's view that national music may be "modified and affected by foreign influences," is no doubt true in the technical sense. For instance, the Turkish National Song, No. 45 in the present collection, is obviously influenced by the ordinary dance-tunes of an exotic theatre, and has nothing specially Turkish about it. In the case of some of the Spanish music, however, with a very distinct Moorish flavor, it is to be remembered that this Moorish blood has entered into the very constitution of the Spanish people, so that the nation itself is a mixture, and should therefore not improperly show this Eastern element in its poetry and song.

The three chief classes of folk-music are Lyrics, Ballads, and Dances. Of these, the Lyric, as a rule, comes first, both in the individual and the nation, since it is a spontaneous outpouring of the spirit in times of strong emotion. However, in England, at least, the Ballad was very early cultivated; the minstrels and glee-men were an institution at all feasts in Saxon times, and were an honored class in the earliest ages; and the work of Cynewulf is enough to show to what heights of excellence they reached. *Beowulf*, the

*Death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog*, the smaller songs from which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were shaped, the songs from which the *Chanson de Roland* was built up—all these were folksongs of the narrative ballad type, which by the creative power of a master-mind were combined and glorified into a national, and at last a world song.

As Professor Bantock says, speaking of the folksong in the narrower sense employed by the enthusiasts: "The tunes do not modulate. They seem at first to be in no particular key; and often throughout the song there is a vagueness of tonality, so that it is frequently difficult to decide in what mode to place a tune." Among the English folksongs proper, there are numberless examples. *Greensleeves*, mentioned above, is a good specimen. Well-known ballads are: *Pretty Polly Oliver*, with a good rhythmical swing and a fine sweeping melodic outline; *The Girl I left behind me*; and *Come, Lasses and Lads*, given in the companion volume. *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*, *Wapping Old Stairs*, and *Barbara Allen*, too, are valuable portions of our ballad wealth.

Many of the best Welsh "tunes were originally harp-tunes, to which, in quite recent times, words have been added." A very good example of a harp-melody is *The Rising of the Lark*.

Early Scottish music is constructed on the pentatonic scale, a good example being *Ye Banks and Braes*. The later airs are diatonic; but a major seventh in the minor is usually a sign that the air has been modified. The best lowland tunes are slow and expressive; but there are quick ones, such as *The Piper o' Dundee*. Other good specimens are: *Fock o' Hazeldean*, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, *John Anderson, my Jo*, and *The Birks of Aberfeldy*—the last being an old tune with words by Burns.

Early Irish songs also show the influence of the pentatonic scale. Irish folk-music is second to none. Ernest Walker says: "The best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre, and it is very rare to meet one entirely lacking in character." One of their special peculiarities

is the reiteration of the key-note at the end of a phrase; though this trait is found to a less extent in English and in Icelandic songs. Sometimes, however, this reiteration occurs on other notes; in the well-known song *My Love's an Arbutus*, it is on the dominant.

In the national and patriotic songs of this collection as compared with the folksongs in the companion volume we find, on the whole, some falling off in the musical quality of the tunes. The patriotic sentiment so easily degenerates into a vulgar Jingoism or Chauvinism. There is a true patriotism—the desire of the poet and the wise man to see his native country realize the Divine Idea for which she stands. But the sentiment which appeals to the people at large is apt to be of coarser quality, and to tend towards the type expressed in the phrase—"My country, right or wrong!" Some of the songs which, occupying the position they do, were bound to be given in the present collection, are unquestionably tainted with this disease; but many others are of rare nobility and breathe high ideals. The two Hebrew songs are remarkable in that they alone of all the collection are definitely religious. Israël in this is true to her ancient ideal of kingship—the Theocracy. Her national consciousness has always been of this character; and after all these centuries of exile and oppression, it is interesting to see the same central idea still cropping up in the songs she adopts as the expression of her national spirit. The first is the less distinctively characteristic of the two. Though the air may be "Hebrew," it is certainly not of pure extraction; the real major key and melodic structure negative such an idea. The second, with its modal structure, and alternative three-measure and two-measure (chorus) phrases, followed by two-measure and one-measure phrases, is of much purer descent, and produces a very striking and individual effect. The whole is very touching and impressive, and forms a fit conclusion to this deeply interesting collection.

*N. Edmund Cudworth* —



## NOTES ON THE SONGS

### No. 1. *God save the King*. ENGLAND

IT is now generally recognized that Henry Carey is the author of both the words and music of the original version of this well-known national song, which appears to have been adopted as a patriotic song during the Jacobite rising in 1743. Since then, it has been considerably modified, and has served as a national song for Germany, America, Denmark, and Switzerland. The Prussian version was first published in 1790 under the title, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," with words by Pastor Heinrich Harries (1762–1802). The music was also adapted by the kingdom of Saxony to the words, "Gott segne Sachsenland," the author of the hymn being Siegfried Mahlmann. In 1832, Samuel Smith wrote the American version, which was very popular in the Northern States during the Civil War.

The words of the Prussian, Saxon, and American versions are appended.

#### PRUSSIAN VERSION

1. *Heil dir im Siegerkranz,  
Herrscher des Vaterlands,  
Heil, König, dir!  
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz  
Die hohe Wonne ganz:  
Liebling des Volks zu sein!  
Heil, König, dir!*
2. *Nicht Ross' und Reisige  
Sichern die steile Höh',  
Wo Fürsten stehn;  
Liebe des Vaterlands,  
Liebe des freien Mann's,  
Gründet des Herrschers Thron  
Wie Fels im Meer.*
3. *Heilige Flamme, glüh',  
Glüh' und erlösche nie  
Für's Vaterland!  
Wir alle stehen dann  
Muthigs für einen Mann,  
Kämpfen und bluten gern  
Für Thron und Reich.*
4. *Handlung und Wissenschaft  
Hebe mit Muth und Kraft  
Ihr Haupt empor!*

*Krieger- und Heldenthat  
Finde ihr Lorbeerblatt,  
Treu aufgehoben dort  
An deinem Thron!*

5. *Sei, Friedrich Wilhelm, hier  
Lang' deines Volkes Zier,  
Der Menschheit Stolz!  
Fühl' in des Thrones Glanz  
Die hohe Wonne ganz;  
Liebling des Volks zu sein!  
Heil, König, dir!*

H. HARRIES

#### SAXON VERSION

1. *Gott segne Sachsenland,  
Wo fest die Treue stand  
In Sturm und Nacht!  
Ew'ge Gerechtigkeit,  
Hoch über 'm Meer der Zeit,  
Die jedem Sturm' gebeut,  
Schütz' uns mit Macht!*
2. *Blühe, du Rautenkranz,  
In schöner Tage Glanz,  
Freudig empor!  
Heil, Friedrich August, dir!  
Heil, guter König, dir!  
Dich, Vater, preisen wir  
Liebend im Chor!*
3. *Was treue Herzen flehn,  
Steigt zu des Himmels Höh'n  
Aus Nacht zum Licht!  
Der unsre Liebe sah,  
Der unsre Thränen sah,  
Er ist uns huldreich nah,  
Verlässt uns nicht!*

SIEGFRIED MAHLMANN

#### AMERICAN VERSION. (First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832)

1. *My country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let freedom ring.*



## NOTES ON THE SONGS

2. *My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.*

3. *Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.*

4. *Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.*

SAMUEL SMITH

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 42, No. 23. *Boosey*: National Anthems, p. 16. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 4. *Chappell*: Collection of National English Airs, p. 45, No. 88; Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii, p. 691, etc. *Cummings, W.*: God save the King (Novello, 1902). *Elgar*: God save the King (Novello). *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, p. 145, No. 137. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, p. 270, No. 436. *Härtel*: Deutsches Liederlexikon, p. 231, No. 302. *Moffat and Kidson*: The Minstrelsy of England, p. 3. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 1. *Peters*: Liederschatz, p. 137, No. 126. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 9.

No. 2. *Rule, Britannia.* ENGLAND

THE music was composed by Dr. Arne in 1740, and formed one of the numbers in a Masque, entitled "Alfred," which was jointly written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and performed at an entertainment given by the Prince of Wales at Cliefden during the same year. In 1745, the Masque was introduced to London, and performed at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The song itself was first published as an appendix to *The Judgment of Paris*, also produced in 1740.

The original expression, "*rule the waves*," is retained in preference to the modern form in which the song is usually sung, "*rules the waves*."

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 40, No. 22. *Boosey*: National Anthems, p. 16; Songs of England, vol. i, p. 198. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 2. *Chappell*: Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii, p. 686. *Moffat and Kidson*: The Minstrelsy of England, p. 306. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 2.

No. 3. *The British Grenadiers.* ENGLAND

THE words of this stirring military air were probably written during the reign of Queen Anne, while the music is founded on an air that seems to bear some affinity to *The London 'Prentice* (*vide D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1720), and *Prince Rupert's March*. Its striking resemblance to Carolan's tune, *Grace Nugent*, has suggested an Irish origin, but a melody, entitled "Sir Edward Nowell's Delight," which was printed in a Dutch book in 1634, thirty-six years before Carolan's birth, points with even more likelihood to the original source of the air. The first printed and engraved music sheet appeared in 1780.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of England, vol. i, p. 26. *Chappell*: Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i, p. 152. *Moffat and Kidson*: The Minstrelsy of England, p. 214. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 76.

No. 4. *Lilliburlero.* ENGLAND

A REVOLUTIONARY song of 1688. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, who, on a former occasion, had held office in Ireland and given much offence in certain quarters for his arbitrary methods towards the Protestants, was appointed deputy-lieutenant of Ireland by James II in October, 1688. The appointment proved very distasteful to the Protestant party in both England and Ireland, and Lord Wharton, a prominent Whig, made it the occasion for writing a set of verses on the subject, with the title "Lilliburlero." Both this expression and that of "Bullen ala" appear to have been a rallying-cry during the rebellion of 1641.

Lord Wharton fitted the rhymes to a quickstep written by Henry Purcell, and after the fall of the dynasty, he is credited with the boast that he had "rhymed James out of three kingdoms."

To quote from Bishop Burnet's *History of his own Times*:

"A foolish ballad was made at that time [1688], treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden, said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the [King's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And, perhaps, never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

The tune of *Lilliburlero* had been printed, however, before the time at which the words are supposed to have been written, and its sprightly vivacity must have contributed in a great measure to the popular reception of the song.

AUTHORITIES. *Chappell*: Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. ii, p. 568. An interesting account is also to be read in Elson's "National Music of America," pp. 81-87.

#### No. 5. *Home, Sweet Home*. ENGLAND

THIS song, which was introduced into Bishop's opera, *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, at Covent Garden, in 1823, appeared formerly in a collection of *Melodies of Various Nations*, made by the same composer for Messrs. Goulding & Co., where it is stated to be a "Sicilian Air." Recent investigations, however, have led to the supposition that Bishop wrote the air himself, and passed it off as Sicilian. The title-page of the song, as it was published in the opera, bears the following inscription: "Composed and partly founded on a Sicilian Air by Henry R. Bishop." The air at once caught the popular fancy, and, at the present day, the well-known strain often brings a tear to the eye of the wanderer in distant lands. The words are by the American John Howard Payne, and their pathetic tenderness and beauty have undoubtedly contributed to the public favor of the song.

AUTHORITIES. *Bishop*: *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*; *Melodies of Various Nations*. *Boosey*: Songs of England, vol. i, p. 213. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, chap. i. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 3. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 118.

#### No. 6. *Scots, wha hae*. SCOTLAND

THE words are by Burns, who adapted them, in 1793, to the old traditional air of *Hey tuttie tattie*, which is said to have been sung by Robert Bruce's men at the battle of Bannockburn. A Jacobite version—the words of which are given below—preceded that of Burns, but since 1799, the present version has been adopted as the national song of the Scottish people.

##### JACOBITE VERSION

1. *Weel may we a' be,  
Ill may we never see;  
Here 's to the king  
And the good company.  
Fill, fill a bumper high;  
Drain, drain your glasses dry;  
Out upon him, fie! fie!  
That winna do 't again.*
2. *Here 's to the king, boys!  
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;  
And to every honest man,  
That will do 't again.  
Fill, fill, etc.*
3. *Here 's to the chieftains  
Of the gallant Scottish clans;  
They hae done it mair than anes,  
And they 'll do 't again.  
Fill, fill, etc.*
4. *When the pipes begin to play  
Tutti taitti to the drum,  
Out claymore, and down the gun,  
And to the knaves again!  
Fill, fill, etc.*

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 28. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 20. *Crosby*: Caledonian Musical Repository, p. 173. *Graham*: Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 80. *Greig*: Scots Minstrelsy, vol. i, p. 14. *Mitchison*: Handbook of the Songs of Scotland, p. 154. *Moffat*: Minstrelsy of Scotland, p. 195. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 33.

*Thomson*: Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, vol. iii, p. 33.

#### No. 7. *Auld Lang Syne*. SCOTLAND

THE words, written by Burns in 1788 to a traditional tune, are undoubtedly founded on an older song. According to Stenhouse, the tune was formerly known under the name of "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," and originally served as an old Strathspey. *Auld Lang Syne* is not only the national song of Scotland, but has been described as the social song of all the English-speaking races. It is sung to speed the parting guest, and for more than a hundred years has been regarded as the song of farewell, and the pledge of old and new friendships.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Scotland, vol. i, p. 108. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 21. *Crosby*: Caledonian Musical Repository, p. 142. *Graham*: Songs of Scotland, vol. ii, p. 36. *Greig*: Scots Minstrelsie, vol. vi, p. 412. *Mitchison*: Handbook of the Songs of Scotland, p. 42. *Moffat*: Minstrelsy of Scotland, p. 200. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 32. *Thomson*: Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, vol. ii, p. 68.

#### No. 8. *Saint Patrick was a Gentleman*. IRELAND

BOTH words and music of *Saint Patrick was a Gentleman* are essentially Irish, and the song is fully entitled to national honors. It was originally written by two Irishmen, Henry Bennett and W. Tolekin of Cork, who are said to have sung it in alternate lines for the first time in public at a masquerade in 1814 or 1815.

AUTHORITIES. *Chappell*: Musical Magazine. *Croker, T. C.*: Popular Songs of Ireland. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 364. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., p. 47.

#### No. 9. *Saint Patrick's Day*. IRELAND

THIS is one of the most popular melodies of Ireland, reflecting in a characteristic manner the temperament of the Irish people. It was originally a jig, and as such appeared in Playford's *Dancing Master*. In 1748, Rutherford printed it in his two hundred *Country Dances*. It is to be regretted that Moore, who wrote and adapted

his verses to popular Irish melodies, did not preserve in all cases—and in this case particularly—the spirit and essential character of the music. The words are not truly wedded to the music, and they betray an English sentiment desirous of stimulating and encouraging the loyalty of the Irish people to the Crown. The patron Saint is not even mentioned. For "Saint Patrick's Day" the poet, obedient to his English sympathies, has substituted his "Prince's Day." Is it to be wondered that at the present day, the melody is more often heard as a dance-tune, or regimental quick-step?

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Ireland, p. 94. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 44. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 364. *Moffat*: Minstrelsy of Ireland, p. 272.

#### No. 10. *The Wearing of the Green*. IRELAND

THE origin of this pathetic melody is very doubtful, but the song appeared as an anonymous street ballad during the Irish rebellion of 1798, and was forbidden to be sung by the authorities, who sternly repressed the wearing of the shamrock as the national emblem. In recent years only, the prohibition has been officially withdrawn, and the custom has been honored by permission being granted to the nation for the "wearing of the green." The song may truly be said to have symbolized the national aspirations of the people.

AUTHORITIES. *Bayley & Ferguson*: Scottish Students' Songbook, p. 70. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 34.

#### No. 11. *Men of Harlech* (*Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech*). WALES

THIS song is generally regarded as the national song of Wales, in preference to *God bless the Prince of Wales*, or *Land of my Fathers*. It refers to the siege of Harlech Castle in 1468, by the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Edward IV. The air itself is undoubtedly old, and possesses a distinctly vigorous and martial spirit. The tune has been adopted in America, where it is known as the "March of the Men of Columbia."

AUTHORITIES. *Bayley & Ferguson*: Scottish Students' Songbook, p. 72. *Boosey*: Songs of Wales, p. 82. *Breitkopf & Härtel*: Volksliederbuch, No. 80. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 46. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 49. *Parry*: Cambrian Minstrelsie. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 188.

No. 12. *Malbrouk to war is going (Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre)*. FRANCE

THE original air is supposed to have been brought to Europe from the Crusades by Gottfried von Bouillon, but as there are no reliable records of the fact, it is safer to assume the tune to have been in existence at the time when the couplets were composed, presumably about the time of the battle of Malplaquet (1709), when Marlborough's name was known to many on the Continent. The real success of the song, however, dates from 1781, when the air was used as a cradle-song by Marie Antoinette to rock the Dauphin to sleep. All Paris took up the refrain, and it was to be heard in every saloon and café, and at every street corner. Napoleon, who had little ear for music, is reported to have been heard humming the air on occasions. The song rapidly made its way across the Channel, and conquered England. It is now more familiarly known under the titles of "We won't go home till morning" and "For he's a jolly good fellow," with, however, a few slight alterations in the turn of the melody. It is an interesting fact that the song is known to the Arabs even at the present day, under the title of "Mabrook" and "Mabrooka," but it was probably learned from the French soldiers during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. The Arabic version runs—

*Mabrook saffur lel harbi*  
*Ya lailya lailya laila*  
*Mabrook saffur lel harbi*  
*Wu el a metta yerdja.*

Beethoven introduced the air into his Battle Symphony, composed in 1813, and intended it to represent the French Army.

AUTHORITIES. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, pp. 238 et seq. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 6, No. 6. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, vol. ii, p. 118.

No. 13. *It was Dunois the young and brave (Partant pour la Syrie)*. FRANCE

A FRENCH Royalist song, of which both the words and the tune are supposed to have been written by Queen Hortense. According to others, the words are by Laborde, and the music by Drouët.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 38, No. 21. *Boosey*: Songs of France, p. 270. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 78. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, vol. i, p. 164.

No. 14. *The Marseillaise (La Marseillaise)*. FRANCE

THE words and music of this celebrated song are attributed to Rouget de l'Isle, who is said to have written them in 1792, on the eve of the Revolution. In its original form, the song was known as "Chant de l'armée du Rhin." The song was taken up by the Marseillais on their famous march to Paris, and sung by them during the attack on the Tuileries. The Parisians, supposing the song to be the Hymn of the Marseillais, gave it its present title, and adopted it as the National Hymn of the Republic. It has remained the chief national song of France ever since.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 24, No. 16. *Boosey*: Songs of France, p. 273. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 76. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, vol. i, p. 121.

No. 15. *The Carmagnole (La Carmagnole)*. FRANCE

MANY sad memories are attached to this song, of which neither the author nor composer is known. It appeared at the commencement of the Revolution, about the time when the French troops, having invested Piedmont, had captured the stronghold of Carmagnole. Brought back from Italy by the soldiers, the song immediately became popular. It was danced and sung everywhere. Together with the *Ça ira*, it became a song intimately associated with the guillotine, and accompanied many unfortunates on their way to execution.

AUTHORITIES. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères, p. 118. *Weckerlin*: Chansons populaires, vol. i, p. 129.

No. 16. *Ah! it will go! (Ah! ça ira!)*  
FRANCE

THIS terrible Revolutionary song was composed by a Citizen Ladré on the occasion of the Federation Fête held on the Champ de Mars on July 14, 1790, but the original words were afterwards replaced by the present version. The refrain was really an adaptation of a popular Contredanse, at that time much in vogue, known as the *Carillon national de Bécourt*, which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette is said to have been fond of playing on her clavecin. Could she have foreseen that this dainty dance-tune, transformed into a song, would one day accompany her to the scaffold! The guillotine received its victims to the strains of the *Ça ira*, chanted rhythmically by the crowds escorting the tumbrils to the place of execution.

AUTHORITIES. *Gauvin*: Chansons de nos pères, p. 119. *Weckerlin*: Chansons populaires, vol. i, p. 126.

No. 17. *Who'd have believed (La Brabançonne)*. BELGIUM

THE song appeared in 1830, during the struggle between Belgium and Holland, when the former country desired self-government and release from the Dutch yoke. It was adopted as the war-song of the Belgians, and has remained since then the national song of the state. The verses were written by Jenneval, and set to music by François van Campenhout. It was dedicated to the defenders of Brussels, which, at that time, was being threatened by a Dutch army.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 22, No. 15. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 5. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 138. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 18. *The Watch on the Rhine (Die Wacht am Rhein)*. GERMANY

To the struggle between France and Germany for the possession of the Rhine we owe many of the patriotic songs associated with this historic

river. The present text was written by Schneck-enburger in 1840, and received many musical settings, the most popular being that composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. During the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-71, the song had an enormous vogue among the soldiers of the German army, and at the close of the war, it was adopted as the national song of United Germany, the composer receiving a pension.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 15b; Songs of Germany, No. 1. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 88. *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, No. 134. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, No. 379. *Peters*: Liederschatz, No. 138; Volksliederbuch, No. 20.

No. 19. *Rhine Song (Rheinlied)*. GERMANY  
THIS song, the music of which was composed by Kunze to the verses of Becker in 1840, enjoyed considerable favor in Prussia for many years, and was adopted as a national song, inspired by defiance of the French. It elicited from the French poet, Alfred de Musset, a satirical poem, entitled, "Nous l'avons eu votre Rhin allemand." Of late years, it has given place to *Die Wacht am Rhein*. (Vide previous Note, No. 18.)

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Germany, p. 7. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 89. *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, No. 139. *Fink*: Musikalischer Hausschatz, No. 399. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 87. *Härtel*: Deutsches Liederlexikon, No. 690. *Peters*: Liederschatz, No. 128.

No. 20. *I am a Prussian (Ich bin ein Preusse)*. GERMANY

A POPULAR patriotic song of Prussia until the Franco-German War, before which event it received national honors. Since 1870-71, it has been more or less superseded by *Die Wacht am Rhein*, the national song of United Germany. The music was composed by A. Neidhardt.

AUTHORITY. *Boosey*: National Anthems; Songs of Germany, p. 14.

No. 21. *Prince William (Wilhelmus van Nassouwe)*. HOLLAND

THIS old song, dating from the sixteenth century, is attributed to Marnix de Saint Aldegonde,

a friend of Calvin, and the words refer to an episode in the life of William the Silent. Although at one time it was in danger of being forgotten, it has been revived recently with success, and now takes its place as a typical national song, rivalling in popular favor *Wien neêrlandsch bloed*. As a rule, the first verse only is sung.

**AUTHORITIES.** *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 19*a*; Songs of Scandinavia, p. 162. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 133. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 31, No. 24. *Reimann*: Internationales Volksliederbuch, vol. i, p. 6, No. 2. *Röntgen*: Altniederländische Volkslieder, No. 7.

No. 22. *Let all with Dutch blood in their veins (Wien neêrlandsch bloed)*. HOLLAND

THE verses first appeared in a collection of songs, published in 1815, by the Dutch poet Hendrik van Tollens, and the author was at once acclaimed as the national poet. The present text was set to music by Smits in 1820, since when it has remained the national song of the country, though lately it has shared almost equal honors with the older national air of *Wilhelmus van Nassouwe*.

**AUTHORITIES.** *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 21, No. 14. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 19*b*; Songs of Scandinavia, p. 158. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 132. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 30, No. 23. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 23. *Bergen op Zoom*. HOLLAND

AN old Dutch war-song, dating from 1622, referring to the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands, and the investment of the town of Bergen op Zoom.

**AUTHORITIES.** *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 134. *Reimann*: Internationales Volksliederbuch, vol. ii, p. 4, No. 36. *Röntgen*: Altniederländische Volkslieder, No. 9.

No. 24. *God preserve our noble Emperor (Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser)*. AUSTRIA

IT has been said that, during his visit to London, Haydn was so stirred by the strains of *God save the King* that he resolved to write a national anthem on similar lines for his own country. On his return to Vienna, he composed the present hymn, and it was first publicly sung at the

National Theatre there in 1797. It was enthusiastically received, and achieved immediate popularity, being at once accepted and adopted as the Austrian national hymn. It remained Haydn's favorite composition, and shortly before he died, it is related that he had himself carried from his bed to the piano, where, for the last time, he played over his immortal hymn.

**AUTHORITIES.** *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 20, No. 13. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 3; Songs of Eastern Europe, p. 1. Songs of Germany, p. 2. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 62. *Erk*: Deutsches Liederschatz, No. 136. *Fink*: Musikalisches Hausschatz, No. 434. *Härtel*: Deutsches Liederlexikon, No. 299. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Peters*: Liederschatz, p. 125; Volksliederbuch, No. 29.

No. 25. *National Hymn (Hymnusz)*. HUNGARY

THE most famous national tune of the Hungarians is the widely known *Rákoczy March*, which, in its original form, was a lament for the hero Rákoczy, and dates from the end of the eighteenth century. Berlioz, having heard a military band arrangement of the march, introduced it into his *Damnation of Faust*, with an immediate and popular success. As there are no words to this march, the present hymn has been selected as the best example of the many patriotic songs that abound in this musical land. The music is by Franz Erkel (1810–1893), a native composer highly esteemed by his fellow-countrymen, and the original words are by Koseley.

**AUTHORITIES.** *Grove*: Dictionary of Music and Musicians. *S. Rousseau*: Chants Nationaux. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc.

No. 26. *Garibaldi's War Hymn*. ITALY

THE honors of Italian national music are shared by the *Marche Royale* and *Garibaldi's War Hymn*, but as the former is purely instrumental, the *War Hymn* has been selected for the present edition. Since the War of Independence, however, Italy has been without a national song, in the strict sense of the word. The words of the present hymn were written in 1859 by Mercantini, a Professor at Palermo, and the music

is attributed to Olivieri. In character the music somewhat resembles the *Marseillaise*, with the swing of its rhythm and its appeal to patriotic sentiment.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 48, No. 25. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 122.

No. 27. *Riego's Hymn (El Himno de Riego)*. SPAIN

THE *Riego Hymn*, dating from 1820, rivals the *Marcha Real* in popularity, and in some respects may be regarded as the revolutionary song of Spain. It is strongly patriotic in sentiment, and breathes the air of liberty in opposition to the spirit of royalty.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 50, No. 26. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 176. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 111, No. 96. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 28. *Royal March (Marcha Real)*. SPAIN  
SPAIN, like Italy, possesses a national anthem that is more often played than sung on state occasions. In the present instance, the words have been adapted by Almendros, and refer to the reigning sovereign, but the march itself possesses some historical, if little musical interest. The composer is unknown, and the origin of the march has become a subject for controversy, one of the traditions being, that the music having been composed in honor of Frederick the Great, that monarch made a present of it to Charles III. According to others, the march was composed by command of Philip V. At all events, it cannot be regarded as a great or inspired work, and is far inferior to many of the national songs that belong to the Continent.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 33. *Dotesio et Cie.*: Musique Espagnole. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 29. *National Hymn (Hymno Nacional)*. PORTUGAL

BOTH words and music were composed by Dom Pedro IV in 1822, under the title of *Hymno Imperial Constitucional*, since when it has served as

the official hymn on all state occasions. When Don Carlos I ascended the throne, it was intended to supersede this hymn by another that had been specially written and distributed among the troops. This was found to be inadequate, however, and the *Hymno Nacional* was restored to its place of honor.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 52, No. 27. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 26. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 181; *Cancioneiro de Musicas Populares*, vol. iv, No. 23. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 30. *King Christian stood beside the mast (Kong Christian stod ved høien Mast)*. DENMARK

THE melody of the Danish national hymn is of ancient origin, the author being unknown. It was first published in a lyrical drama by Ewald, entitled "Fiskerne" (The Fishermen), produced at Copenhagen about 1775. The drama included a new musical adaptation of the old popular air by Johannes Hartmann. It was well received, and soon came to be regarded as the national song of Denmark. The verses recall and sing the praises of various Danish heroes.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 6, No. 4. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 12; *Songs of Scandinavia*, p. 128. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 160. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 82, No. 69. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 31. *Denmark's Verdant Meadows (Thyra Dannebod)*. DENMARK

THE verses were written by L. O. Kok and set to music by P. E. Rasmussen (1776-1860), by whom it was adapted from an old folk-melody.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 2, No. 2. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 81, No. 68.

No. 32. *Song of Denmark (Sang for Danske)*. DENMARK

THE melody dates from 1826, the composer being C. E. F. Weyse, who set the music to the verses by C. J. Boye (1791-1853).

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 4, No. 3. *Boosey*: *Songs of Scandinavia*, p. 138.

# No. 33. *Iceland (Island)*. ICELAND

THE national song is founded on an old popular folk-melody, that is said to bring joy to the heart of every Icelander. It is written in the Lydian mode.

AUTHORITY. *Hammerich*: Studien über isländische Musik. (Sammelbände der I. M. G., Jahrgang I, Heft 3.)

# No. 34. *Sons of Norway (Sønner af Norge)*. NORWAY

SCANDINAVIA possesses a rich store of national songs, many of recent origin, reflecting the patriotic aspirations and emotions of the people. The Norwegians have a distinct leaning for democracy, and this spirit is faithfully portrayed in their songs. In the present case the verses were written by H. A. Bjerregaard (1792-1842), and were set to music by C. Blom (1782-1861). The song therefore dates from some fifty years ago.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 8, No. 5. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 23. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 166. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 69, No. 58.

# No. 35. *Ay, this Land (Ja, vi elsker dette Landet)*. NORWAY

THE words are by the well-known poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, to which Rikard Nordraak wrote the music.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 167. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

# No. 36. *From Depths of Swedish Hearts (Ur Svenska hjertans)*. SWEDEN

ALTHOUGH the melody of *God save the King* serves as the Swedish national anthem, the present song, of which the poet Strandberg wrote the words and Lindblad composed the music, has been adopted officially by the court. It is used more often as an instrumental hymn, the words, with the exception of the first verse, being almost forgotten; but the sentiment remains.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 34. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

# No. 37. *Carl Johan*. SWEDEN

VERSES written by Henrik A. Kullberg (1772-1834) in praise of Charles John XIV of Sweden, otherwise Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals. The music was composed by Jean Du Puy (1773-1822), a Swiss musician, who, following the fortunes of the Bernadottes, settled in Stockholm in 1812.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 15, No. 9. *Boosey*: Songs of Scandinavia, p. 68. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 171.

# No. 38. *God save the Czar (Bojé tsaria Khrani)*. RUSSIA

THE words were written in 1833 by Joukowsky, and set to music by Alexis Lwoff, by command of the Czar Nicholas I. It is a truly noble and dignified hymn, imbued with religious feeling, vigorous, and soul-stirring. It should be capable of inspiring a nation to great deeds.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 54, No. 28. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 29; Songs of Scandinavia, p. 1. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 142. *Lange*: Ausländischer Liederschatz, p. 87, No. 74. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

# No. 39. *Polish National Song (Jeszcze Polska)*. POLAND

THE melody is attributed to Oginski (1765-1835). The song is said to have been very popular with the Polish legionaries during the struggle for liberation from the Russian yoke in 1830-31. Wybicki is the author of the words.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 54, No. 29. *Boosey*: Songs of Scandinavia, p. 54. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 153.

# No. 40. *God for Poland (Boże coś Polskę)*. POLAND

THE author of the words is unknown. The melody is attributed to Kurpinski.

AUTHORITY. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 58, No. 31.

# No. 41. *Our Land, our Fatherland (Vårt land, vårt fosterland)*. FINLAND

THE words of Finland's national anthem are



from the pen of the poet Runeberg, to whose memory a monument has been erected at Helsingfors. The music was composed by Friedrich Pacius, a pupil of Spohr. For many years he was the Director of Music and a professor of the University at Helsingfors. There are eleven verses to the poem; the first only is presented in this volume.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 17, No. 21. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 42. *Long live our noble King (Tracască Regele)*. ROUMANIA

IN 1861, the Roumanian government offered a prize for a national hymn. This was won by the poet Alexandri, and A. Hübsch, who wrote the music. On January 22, 1862, the hymn was adopted by the Roumanian army.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 28. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 43. *Rise, O Servians! (Ustaj, ustaj, Srbine)*. SERVIA

THE peculiarity that many Servian songs possess of ending on the supertonic has already been referred to (*vide* notes to *One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations*), and the same effect is observed in the present song. Both author and composer are unknown, but the song first came into prominence in 1848, when the Servians were at war with the Hungarians.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: Songs of Eastern Europe, p. 137. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 114. *Kubač*: Narodne Popievke, No. 1568. (Südslavische Nationalmelodien.)

No. 44. *Join, O Maritza (Choumi Maritza)*. BULGARIA

DURING the insurrection against the Turks in 1876, the Bulgarians improvised this marching song, founded upon an old popular air. It was afterwards adopted as a national song, and in some respects its history resembles that of the *Marseillaise*. The words refer to the name of a river, that had been the scene of much bloodshed. The music has been adapted as the Trio of a national march, in which form it is often to be met with.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 8. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 45. *Song to the Sultan (L'Hamidié)*. TURKEY

THE Turks are said to change their national anthem on the accession of each new sultan. From a musical point of view there is little to recommend the present song, based as it is upon a vulgar march tune. It appears to have been composed by Nedjib Pasha, the director of the Conservatoire, for the Sultan Abdul Hamid, the author of the words being unknown. Perhaps the words were adapted to fit the music. However, it serves its purposes, and is solemnly performed on all official and state occasions, more often as an instrumental than a vocal hymn.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 36. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 46. *Hymn to Freedom (Se gnori z'apo tin kopsi)*. GREECE

ON the accession of Prince William of Denmark to the throne of Greece as George I, the *Hymn to Freedom*, which had been written by the poet Salomos, a native of Zante, in 1823, was set to music by N. Manzaros, and adopted as the national hymn of the country. In 1897, it received its baptism of blood.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 62, No. 34. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 17. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 47. *War Song ('O Kairos adelphoi)*. GREECE

THE author and composer of this stirring war-song are both unknown, but the song is known to date from a period antecedent to the War of Independence, and it probably arose out of the continual struggles between the Greeks and the Turks. Lord Byron wrote a translation of the verses in 1810,

*Sons of Greece, arise!*

but the metre is not appropriate to the rhythm of the music.

AUTHORITIES. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 64, No. 35. *Boosey*: Songs of Eastern Europe, p. 178. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 104.

No. 48. *Khedival Hymn (Ha ni an bé)*. EGYPT

THE so-called *Khedival Hymn* has received official sanction, though it may be doubted if the strains are familiar to many of the Khedive's subjects. Both author and composer are unknown. Like the Turkish *L'Hamidié*, it possesses little musical charm, the melody evidently being based upon an Occidental march tune.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 13. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 218. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 49. *May our Lord long reign (Kimi ga yo wa)*. JAPAN

*Kimi ga yo wa*  
*Chiyo ni yachiyo ni*  
*Sazare ishi no*  
*I wao to naritê*  
*Kokê no musu madê.*

Or

*Ki mi ga yo wa*  
*Chi yo ni ya chi yo ni*  
*Sa za rê ishi no*  
*I wa o to na ri tê*  
*Ko kê no mu su ma dê.*

THE Japanese national anthem is founded on a melody by Hayashi Hiromori, and possesses a distinct characteristic of its own, not without charm even to Western ears.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 252. *Capellen*: Shogaku Shoku, No. 1. *Duncan*: Songs of the East, No. 3. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 50. *Drill Song (Shōtai)*. JAPAN

THIS is a favorite marching tune among the Japanese soldiers, and was very popular during the war. It is also used during drill exercise with effective results, and has been arranged for military bands for performance on national and festive occasions.

AUTHORITY. *Capellen*: Shogaku Shoku, No. 3.

No. 51. *The Star-Spangled Banner*. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE most popular of the American patriotic songs, and considered by the Americans themselves as the national song of the United States. The verses were written by a young lawyer, Francis Scott Key, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry (in Chesapeake Bay), of which he was an eye-witness, at the time of the naval war between England and America, known as the War of 1812. The words were adapted to the old English drinking-song entitled "Anacreon in Heaven," the tune having been composed by John Stafford Smith (1750-1836), and the probable date of the song being 1770-75. An earlier American adaptation of the air, entitled "Adams and Liberty," with words by Thomas Paine, was printed in the *American Musical Miscellany*, in 1798. The music is also found serving as an accompaniment to a Masonic Ode, beginning:

*To old Hiram, in Heav'n, etc.,*

and contained in a *Selection of Masonic Songs*, by Brother S. Holden. Mr. Louis C. Elson possesses a setting of the tune bearing the imprint, "Dublin, A.L. 5802 (A.D. 1802)." However, the present version was first publicly sung in a tavern, near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang, each verse being enthusiastically applauded.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 2 b. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 188. *Elson*: The National Music of America, chap. vii. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, pp. 97 et seq. *Nicholson*: British Songs, etc., No. 54. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 72.

No. 52. *Yankee Doodle*. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS tune, in one form or another, has been recognized in Holland, Hungary, and the Pyrenees, from its likeness to certain local melodies, and it appears to have had some popularity as a country dance in England in the eighteenth century. During the time of the American Revolution, the tune, having found its way across the ocean in the British army bands, was appro-

priated by the colonists, and ultimately developed into a song of national importance. Like the well-known *Lilliburlero* of the English Revolution, *Yankee Doodle* is said to have begun and ended the American War of Independence. Later and more popular version of the text is as follows:

*Yankee Doodle came to town  
Upon a little pony,  
He stuck a feather in his hat  
And called it Macaroni.*

AUTHORITIES. *Elson*: The National Music of America. *Grove*: Dictionary of Music and Musicians. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc.

No. 53. *Hail Columbia*. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE words of this celebrated song were written for a special national gathering in the summer of 1798, by Joseph Hopkinson, and adapted to the air of *The President's March*, a composition by a German, named Phyla or Pfeil. As this march had been played on the occasion of Washington's inauguration at New York, it was considered at the time most suitable for selection as a national song. On its initial performance at Philadelphia in the same year, when there was a possibility of war with France, it was received in the theatre by an immense audience with every sign of approval, being vociferously encored, and repeated many times. Of late years its popularity in America has waned somewhat before that of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but in Europe, *Hail Columbia* is still regarded and accepted as the American national hymn, in preference to any of the other patriotic songs, possibly because it is considered to be a more general expression of American aspirations and sentiments.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 1 a. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 186. *Elson*: The National Music of America, chap. vi. *Fitzgerald*: Stories of Famous Songs, p. 100. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux. *Randolph*: Patriotic Songs, p. 20.

No. 54. *The Maple Leaf*. CANADA

BOTH words and music were written by Alexander Muir, and published in 1871. It was soon

afterwards adopted as the national and representative song of Canada.

AUTHORITIES. *Bayley & Ferguson*: Scottish Students' Songbook, p. 74. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 198.

No. 55. *Long live Canadian Maidens (Vive la Canadienne)*. CANADA

A NATIONAL song of the French Canadians. The words have been adapted to the air of an old French song, entitled "Derrière chez mon père," from the Franck-Comté Province. Cf. *Weckerlin*: Chansons Populaires, II, p. 43.

AUTHORITIES. *Boosey*: National Anthems, No. 9. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 200. *Montorgueil*: Chants Nationaux.

No. 56. *Patriotic Song (Cancion Patriotica)*. MEXICO

A PATRIOTIC song of freedom, dating from 1822. Both author and composer are unknown.

AUTHORITY. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 68, No. 38.

No. 57. *National Hymn (Hymno Nacional)*. BRAZIL

THIS hymn was written on the occasion of the abdication of Dom Pedro I of Brazil, in favor of his son, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara. The event took place April 7, 1831.

AUTHORITIES. *Brown and Moffat*: Characteristic Songs, etc., p. 210. *Cancioneiro de Musicas Populares*, vol. xxiv, p. 282, No. 145.

No. 58. *National Hymn (Himno Nacional)*. ARGENTINA

THIS hymn, which appeared at Buenos Ayres in 1867, was written in celebration of the Argentina "Day of Freedom," May 25, 1810. Both author and composer are unknown. *Berggreen* gives nine verses, two of which we have omitted.

AUTHORITY. *Berggreen*: Folkenes Nationalsange, p. 70, No. 39.

No. 59. *Then did Moses sing (Az yashir Moshe)*. HEBREW

ACCORDING to tradition, this melody of the



# GOD SAVE THE KING

(England)

Words and Music attributed to  
HENRY CAREY (1892?-1748)  
*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

*Maestoso*

VOICE *mf*

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,  
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,  
3. Thy choi - cest gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour,

PIANO *mf*

*f*

God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and  
And make them fall. Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their  
Long may he reign. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

*f*

*cresc.* *rit.*

glo - ri - ous, Long to — reign o - ver us, God — save the King!  
knav - ish tricks, On Thee our — hopes we fix, God — save the King!  
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God — save the King!

*cresc.* *rit.*

# RULE, BRITANNIA!

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)

(England)

DR. THOMAS A. ARNE (1710-1778)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE**

*Risoluto*  
*mf Solo ad lib.*

1. When Bri - tain first, — at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose — from out the  
 2. The na - tions not — so blest as — thee Must in — their turn to  
 3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - ful from each

**PIANO**

*mf deciso*

*cresc.*

az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,  
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turn, their turn, their turn to ty - rants fall,  
 for - eign stroke, More dread - ful, dread - ful, dread - ful from each for - eign stroke;

*mf marcato*

This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And guar - dian an - gels  
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The dread and en - vy  
 As the loud blast, — the blast that tears the skies Serves but to root — thy

*mf marcato*

*cresc.*

*f*

sang this strain,  
of them all. —  
na - tive oak. —

"Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves, —

*f marcato*

*cresc.*

Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves! Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

*Chorus ff*

*cresc.*

*ff*

*cresc.*

tan - nia, rule the waves, — Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves."

*rit.*

*cresc.*

*rit.*

*mf Solo ad lib.*

4. Thee, haugh - ty ty - - rants ne'er shall tame; All their \_\_\_\_\_ at - tempts to  
 5. To thee be - longs the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - - ies shall with  
 6. The mu - ses, still with free - dom found, Shall to \_\_\_\_\_ thy hap - py

*mf*

*cresc.*

bend \_\_\_\_\_ thee down; All their at - tempts, at - tempts, at - tempts to bend thee down  
 com - merce shine; Thy cit - ies, cit - ies, cit - ies shall with com - merce shine;  
 coast \_\_\_\_\_ re - pair; Shall to thy hap - py coast, thy hap - py coast re - pair;

*cresc.*

*mf marcato cresc.*

Will but a - rouse, — a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, To work their woe, — and  
 All thine shall be, — shall be the sub - ject main, And ev - 'ry shore — it  
 Blest Isle! with matchless, with match - less beau - ty crown'd, And man - ly hearts — to

*mf marcato cresc.*



thy re - nown. —  
 cir - cles, thine. — } "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves, —  
 guard the fair. — }

*f*

*f marcato*

*cresc.* Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves! *Chorus ff* Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

*cresc.* *ff*

*cresc.* *rit.* tan - nia, rule the waves, — Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er shall be slaves."

*cresc.* *rit.*

# THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

(England)

Air: Sir Edward Nowell's Delight (1634)  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Alla marcia con spirito

VOICE *mf*

1. Some talk of A - lex - an - der, and  
 2. Those he - roes of an - ti - qui - ty ne'er  
 3. When - e'er we are com - mand - ed to  
 4. And when the siege is o - ver, we  
 5. Then let us fill a bump - er, and

PIANO *mf*

*8va higher ad lib.*

some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec - tor and Ly -  
 saw a can - non - ball, Or knew the force of  
 storm the pal - i - sades, Our lead - ers march with  
 to the town re - pair, The towns - men cry, hur -  
 drink a health to those Who car - ry caps and

san - der, and such great names as  
 pow - der to slay their foes with  
 fus - es, and we with hand - gre -  
 rah, boys, here comes a Gren - a -  
 pouch - es, and wear the loup - ed

*cresc.*

these; But of all the world's brave he - roes there's  
 al; But our brave boys do know it, and  
 nades; We throw them from the gla - cis, a -  
 dier, Here come the Gren - a - diers my boys, who  
 clothes; May they and their com - mand - ers live

*cresc.*

*f*

none that can com - pare With a tow row row row  
 ban - ish all their fears, Sing tow row row row  
 bout the en - e - mies' ears, Sing tow row row row  
 know no doubts or fears, Sing tow row row row  
 hap - py all their years, With a tow row row row

*f*

row row, To the Bri - tish Gren - a - - dier. \_\_\_\_\_  
 row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers. \_\_\_\_\_  
 row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers. \_\_\_\_\_  
 row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers. \_\_\_\_\_  
 row row, For the Bri - tish Gren - a - - diers. \_\_\_\_\_

## LILLIBURLERO

(England)

LORD WHARTON

HENRY PURCELL (1658-1695)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con gaio

**VOICE** *mf*

1. Ho! broth-er Teague, dost hear de de-cree? Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la.  
 2. Ho! by my soul it is de Tal-bot, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la.  
 3. Tho' by my soul, de Eng-lish do praat, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la. De  
 4. But if dis-pence do come from de Pope, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la. We'll

**PIANO** *mf*

*cresc.*

Dat we shall have a new de-pu-tie, Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,  
 And he will cut all de Eng-lish throat; Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,  
 law's on dare side and Creish knows what. Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,  
 hang Mag-na Char-ta and dem in a rope. Lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la,

*cresc.*

*f*

Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —  
 Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —  
 Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —  
 Le-ro, le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, lil-li-bur-le-ro, bul-len a la, —

*f*

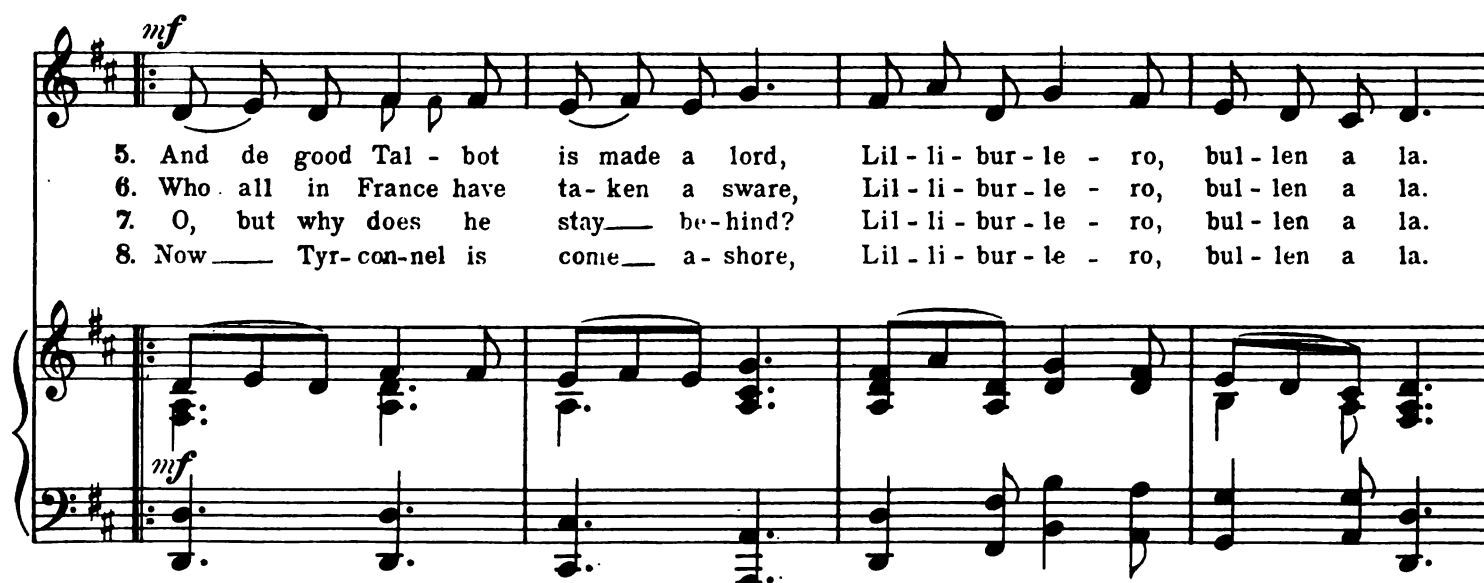
*sempre f*



Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

*sempre f*

*mf*



5. And de good Tal - bot is made a lord, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 6. Who all in France have ta - ken a sware, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 7. O, but why does he stay — be - hind? Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 8. Now — Tyr - con - nel is come — a - shore, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

*mf*

*cresc.*



And with brave lads is com - ing a - board. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Dat dey will have no Protest - ant heir. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Ho, by my soul, 'tis a Protest - ant wind. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 And we shall have com - missions ga - lore. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

*cresc.*

*f*

Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —

*f*

*sempre f*

Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

*sempre f*

*mf*

9. And he dat will not go — to mass, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 10. Now, now de her - e - ticks all shall go down, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la. By  
 11. Dere was an old pro - phe - cy found in a bog, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 12. And now dis pro - phe - cy is come to pass, Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la. For

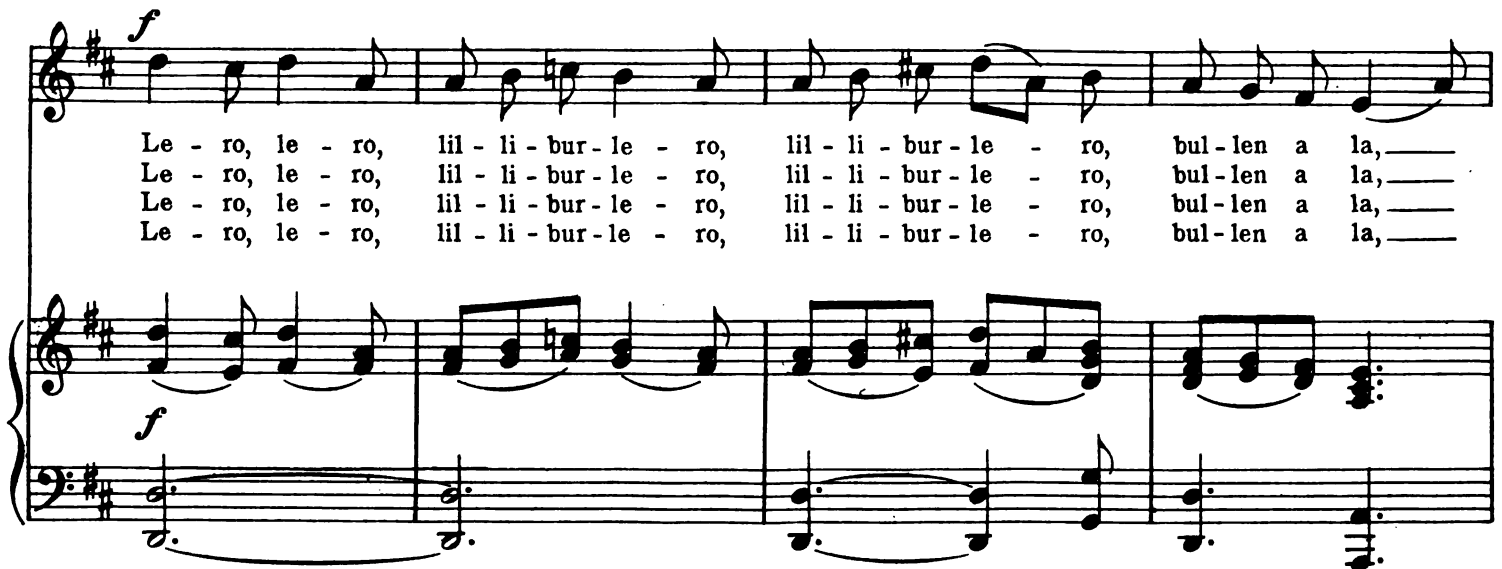
*mf*

*cresc.*



Shall— turn out— and look like an ass. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Creish and St. Pa-trick de na-tion's our own. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Ire-land shall be ruled by an ass and a dog. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Tal-bot's de dog— and James is de ass. Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

*f*



Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la, —

*sempre f*



Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.  
 Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len a la.

## HOME, SWEET HOME

(England)

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852)

Sir HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1856)  
(with the original accompaniment)

Andante

VOICE

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces — though — we may  
2. An ex - ile from home — splen - dor daz - zles in

PIANO

*2d Verse più animato*

*p*

roam, ——— Be it ev - er so hum - - ble — there's  
vain, ——— Oh, give ——— me my low - - ly thatch'd

no ——— place like home! ——— A charm ——— from the  
cot - - tage a - gain! ——— The birds ——— sing - ing



skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,  
gai - ly that came at my call, Give me

seek through the world, is ne'er met with else -  
them with the peace of mind dear - er than

*espress.*  
where. Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home! There's  
all. Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home! There's

*pp*

*Largo* *ad lib.*  
no place like home, there's no place like home!  
no place like home, there's no place like home!

*colla voce* *ten.*

## SCOTS, WHA HAE

(Scotland)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Air : Hey tuttie tattie

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Energico**mf*

VOICE

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has  
 2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a  
 3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains, By our sons in

PIANO

*mf**marcato*

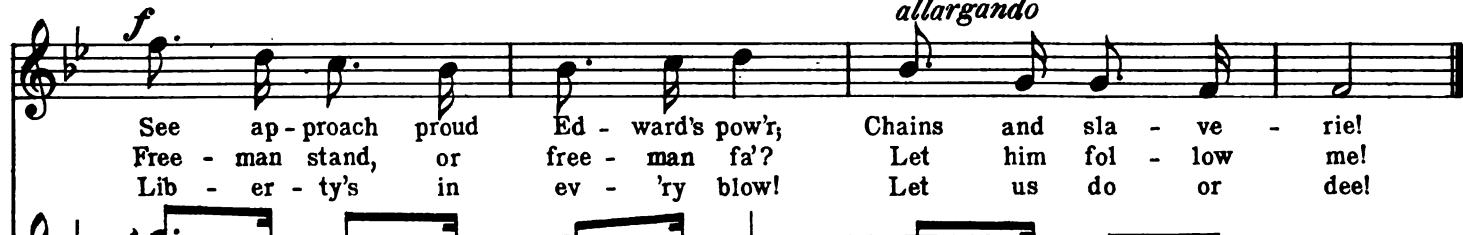
af-ten led! Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie!  
 cow-ard's grave?—Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn an' flee!  
 ser-vile chains,—We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free.

*più f*

Now's the day, an' now's the hour: See the front of bat-tle lour:  
 Wha for Scot-land's king and law, Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw,  
 Lay the proud u-surp-ers low! Ty-rants fall in ev-'ry foe!

*allargando*

See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!  
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'? Let him fol-low me!  
 Lib-er-ty's in ev-'ry blow! Let us do or dee!



AULD LANG SYNE<sup>1)</sup>

(Scotland)

ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

Air : I fee'd a lath at Michaelmas  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Andante**  
*p SOLO*

**VOICE**

1. Should auld ac-quain - tance be for - got, And nev - er brought to  
 2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes<sup>2)</sup> And pu'd the gow - ans<sup>3)</sup>  
 3. We twa hae pai - delt<sup>4)</sup> in the burn, Frae morn - ing sun till  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y fere,<sup>5)</sup> And gie's a hand o'  
 5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint-stoup,<sup>7)</sup> And sure - ly I'll be

**PIANO**

*p sostenuto*

*cresc.*

mind? Should auld ac-quain - tance be for - got, And days o' lang — syne?  
 fine, But we've wan - der'd mon - ya wear - y foot Sin' auld — lang — syne.  
 dine; But seas be - tween us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld — lang — syne.  
 thine; And we'll tak' a richt - gude - wil - lie waught,<sup>6)</sup> For auld — lang — syne.  
 mine; And we'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld — lang — syne.

*cresc.* *sostenuto*

**CHORUS**  
*mf*

*cresc.* *f*

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang — syne.

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *sosten.*

1. Long ago. 2. Slopes of the hills. 3. Daisies. 4. Paddled in the brook. 5. Friend. 6. A draught with right good will.  
 7. Drinking-cup.

# SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

HENRY BENNETT  
and  
Mr. TOLEKIN (about 1814)

(Ireland)

Irish Air  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Vivace**  
***f* CHORUS**

VOICE

Saint Pa - trick was a gen - tle - man, And came of de - cent

PIANO

***f ten.***

peo - ple, He built a Church in Dub - lin town; And on it put a — stee - ple.

**SOLO**  
***mf***

1. His fa - ther was a Gal - la - gher, His moth - er was a Bra - dy, His  
2. The Wick - low hills are ve - ry high And so's the hill of Howth, sir; But  
3. 'Twas on the top of this high hill Saint Pa - trick preach'd his sar - min, That  
4. There's not a mile in Ire - land's isle, Where dirt - y var - min mus - ters, But

*f* CHORUS

aunt was an O' - Shaugh - nes - sy, His — un - cle was an O' - Gra - dy.  
 there's a hill much big - ger still, And high - er than them, — both, sir. } So suc -  
 drove the frogs in - to the bogs, And ban - ish'd all the var - min.  
 there he put his dear fore - foot, And mur - der'd them in clus - ters.

cess at - tend Saint Pa - trick's feast, For he's a saint — so — clev - er; He

gave the snakes and toads a twist, And both - er'd them — for ev - er.

5

*Solo* The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,  
 Slap-dash into the water,  
 The snakes committed suicide.  
 To save themselves from slaughter.  
*Chorus* So success, etc.

6

*Solo* Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue  
 He charmed with sweet discourses,  
 And dined on them at Killalve,  
 In soups and second courses.  
*Chorus* So success, etc.

7

*Solo* Where blind-worms crawling o'er the grass  
 ... all the nations,  
 ... eves

# SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

(Ireland)

Tune from Playford's "Dancing Master"  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

*mp*

VOICE

1. Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And  
 2. Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - all Tho'  
 3. He loves the green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In

PIANO

*mp*

smile thro' our tears like a sun - beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts, if our  
 fierce to your foe, to your friends we are true; The trib - ute most high to a  
 hearts which have suf - fer'd too much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd and at -

*cresc.*

ru - lers would let them, More form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But,  
 head that is roy - al Is love from a heart that loves lib - er - ty too. While  
 tach - ment re - ward - ed, And E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The

*mf**cresc.*

just when the chain Has ceased to pain, And hope has en - wreathed it  
 cow - ards who blight Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the  
 gem may be broke By man - y a stroke, But noth - ing can cloud its

*cresc.*

*f* *cresc.*

round with flow'rs, There comes a new link, Our spir - it to sink! Oh! the  
 bat-tle ar - ray, The stand - ard of green In front would be seen! Oh, my  
 na - tive ray, Each frag - ment will cast A light, to the last! And thus,

*cresc.*

*mp*

joy that we taste like the light of the poles, Is a  
 life on your faith! were you sum - mon'd this min - ute, You'd  
 E - rin, my coun - try, tho' bro - ken thou art There's a

*mp*

*mf*

flash a - mid dark-ness, too bril - liant to stay; But tho' 'twere the last lit - tle  
 cast ev - 'ry bit - ter re - mem - brance a - way, And show what the arm of old  
 lus - tre with - in thee that ne'er will de - cay, A spir - it which beams thro' each

*mf*

spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prin - ce's Day.  
 E - rin has in it, When roused by the foe on her Prin - ce's Day.  
 suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at all pain on the Prin - ce's Day.

## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

(Ireland)

Old Song (about 1796)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante espressivo

VOICE

*p*

1. Oh!— Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round? The  
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red, 'Twill  
 3. But— if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her

PIANO

*dim.* *più p*

sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint—  
 serve but to re - mind us of the blood that has been shed; You may  
 sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old isle will part; I've—

*più p*

*cresc.*

Pa - trick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen, For  
 take the sham - rock from your hat and cast it on the sod, But  
 heard a whis - per of a land that lies be - yond the sea, Where

*cresc.*

there's a cru - el law a - gin the wear - ing of the green. I—  
 nev - er fear 'twill take root there tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod. When  
 rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day. Oh,—

*mf*



met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, And said  
laws can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And  
E - rin! must we leave you driv - en by a ty - rant's hand? Must we

*meno f* he, "How's poor old Ire - land and how does she stand?" "She's the  
when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then  
ask a moth - er's bless - ing from a strange and dis - tant land? Where the

*dim.* *p*

*meno f* *dim.* *p*

most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er yet was seen; They're  
I will change the col - or that I wear in my can - teen; But  
cru - el cross of Eng - land shall nev - er more be seen, And

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*f* *f* *rit.* *dim.* *p* *rall.* *pp*

hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green."  
till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear - ing of the green.  
where, please God, we'll live and die still wear - ing of the green.

*f* *rit.* *dim.*

# MEN OF HARLECH

(RHYFELGYRCH GWYR HARLECH)

THOMAS OLIPHANT (1789-1873)

(Wales)

Old Air

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Alla Marcia, con spirito

VOICE

*f*

1. Hark! I hear the foe ad - van - cing, Barb - ed steeds are  
 2. Mid the fray see dead and dy - ing, Friend and foe to -  
 1. We le goel - certh wen yn fflam - io, A thaf - od - au  
 2. Ni chaiff ge - lyn ladd ac ym - lid Har - lech! Har - lech!

PIANO

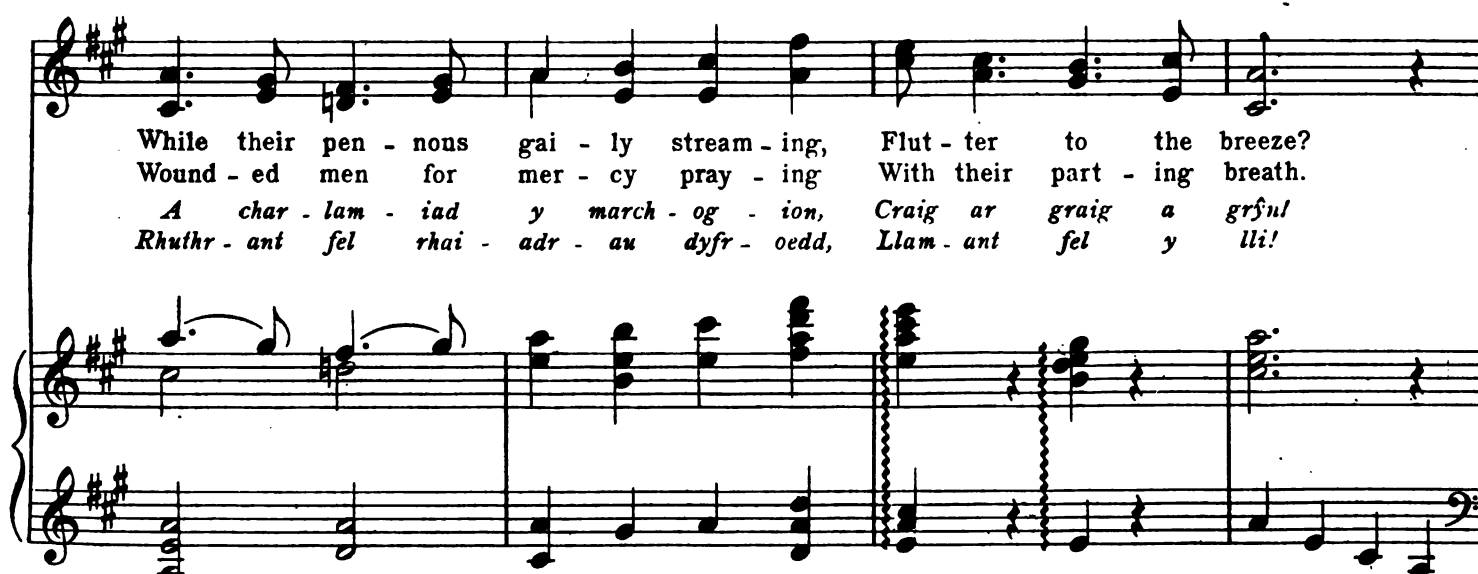
*f marcato*

proud - ly pran - cing, Hel - mets in the sun - beam glan - cing,  
 geth - er ly - ing, All a - round the ar - rows fly - ing  
 tân yn bloedd - io, Ar i'r dew - rion ddod i da - ro,  
 cŵyd iw her - lid; Y mae Rhodd - wr mawr ein Rhydd - id,

Glit - ter through the trees. Men of Har - lech!  
 Scat - ter sud - den death. Fright - en'd steeds are  
 Un - waith et o'n un: Gan fan - llef - au  
 Yn rhoi nerth i ni. We - le Gym - ru



lie ye dream - ing? See you not their fal - chions gleam - ing,  
 wild - ly neigh - ing, Bra - zen trum - pets hoarse - ly bray - ing,  
 ty - wys - og - ion, Llais gel - yn - ion, trwst arf - og - ion,  
 a'i bydd - in - oedd Yn ym - dy - wallt o'r myn - ydd - oedd!



While their pen - nous gai - ly stream - ing, Flut - ter to the breeze?  
 Wound - ed men for mer - cy pray - ing With their part - ing breath.  
 A char - lam - iad y march - og - ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!  
 Rhuthr - ant fel rhai - adr - au dyfr - oedd, Llam - ant fel y lli!



**f** From the rocks re - bound - ing, Let the war - cry sound - ing,  
 See, they're in dis - or - der! Com - rades, keep close or - der;  
 Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Con - ir yn dra - gy - wydd;  
 Rwydd - iant - i'n llu - ydd - ion! Rwystr - o bâr ye es - tron!

*cresc.*

Sum - mon all at Cam - bria's call. The haugh - ty foe sur - round - ing.  
 Ev - er shall they rue the day They ven - tured o'er the Bor - der.  
 Cym - ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, Yn glod - us yn myss gwled - ydd, Yn  
 Gwy - bod yn ei gal - on gaiff, Fel brath - a cledd - yf Bryth - on, Y

*cresc.*

Men of Har - lech! on to glo - ry, See, your ban - ner, famed in sto - ry,  
 Now the Sax - on flies be - fore us, Vic - try's ban - ner float - eth o'er us,  
 ngwyn ol - eu - ni'r goel - certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au Cym - ro'n ma - rw,  
 clédd yn er - byn clédd a chwe - ry, Dûr yn er - byn dûr a de - ry,

*ff*

*cresc.*

Waves these burn - ing words be - fore ye, "Brit - ain scoros to yield!"  
 Raise the loud ex - ult - ing cho - rus, "Brit - ain wins the field!"  
 An - ni - byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.  
 We - le fân - er Gwal - ia'i fy - ny, Rhydd - id aiff a hi!

*cresc.*

*ff*

# MALBROUK TO WAR IS GOING

## (MALBROUK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE)

(France)

Old Tune

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro

**VOICE** *mp*

1. Mal - brouk to war is go - ing, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 2. But he'll re - turn at East - er, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 1. Mal - brouk s'en va - t-en guer - re, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 2. Il re - vien - dra à Pa - ques, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

**PIANO** *mp*

*mf*

tai - ne, Mal - brouk to war is go - ing, Nor knows when he'll re -  
 tai - ne, But he'll re - turn at East - er, Or else at Trin - i -  
 tai - ne, Mal - brouk s'en va - t-en guer - re, Ne sais quand re - vien -  
 tai - ne, Il re - vien - dra à Pa - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -

*mf*

*f* *p*

turn, Nor knows when he'll re - turn, Nor knows when he'll re - turn. —  
 ty, Or else at Trin - i - ty, Or else at Trin - i - ty. —  
 dra, Ne sais quand re - vien - dra, Ne sais quand re - vien - dra. —  
 té, Ou à la Tri - ni - té, Ou à la Tri - ni - té. —

*f* *p*

*mp*

3. Now Trin - i - ty is o - ver, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 4. In - to her tow - er loft - y, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 3. La Tri - ni - té se pas - se, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 4. Ma - dame à sa tour mon - te, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

*mp*

*mf*

tai - ne, Now Trin - i - ty is o - ver, Mal - brouk does not re -  
 tai - ne, In - to her tow - er loft - y Ma - dame has mount - ed  
 tai - ne, La Tri - ni - té se pas - se, Mal - brouk ne re - vient  
 tai - ne, Ma - dame à sa tour mon - te, Si haut qu'elle peut mon -

*mf*

*f* *p*

turn, Mal - brouk does not re - turn, Mal - brouk does not re - turn. —  
 high, Ma - dame has mount - ed high, Ma - dame has mount - ed high. —  
 plus, Mal - brouk ne re - vient plus, Mal - brouk ne re - vient plus. —  
 ter, Si haut qu'elle peut mon - ter, Si haut qu'elle peut mon - ter. —

*f* *p*

*mp*

5. She sees her page ap - proach - ing, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 6. Mal - brouk was slain in bat - tle, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 5. Elle voit ve - nir son pa - ge, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 6. "Ma - dame! Mal-brouk est mort, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

*mp*

*mf*

tai - ne, She sees her page ap - proach - ing, In sa - ble hab - it  
 tai - ne, Mal - brouk was slain in bat - tle, He lies now in his  
 tai - ne, Elle voit ve - nir son pa - ge, En noir tout ha - bil -  
 tai - ne, Ma - dame! Mal-brouk est mort, Est mort et en - ter -

*mf*

*f* *p*

clad, In sa - ble hab - it clad, In sa - ble hab - it clad. —  
 grave, He lies now in his grave, He lies now in his grave. —  
 lé, En noir tout ha - bil - lé, En noir tout ha - bil - lé. —  
 ré, Est mort et en - ter - ré, Est mort et en - ter - ré!" —

*f* *p*

*mp*

3. Now Trin - i - ty is o - ver, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 4. In - to her tow - er loft - y, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 3. La Tri - ni - té se pas - se, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 4. Ma - dame à sa tour mon - te, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

*mp*

*mf*

tai - ne, Now Trin - i - ty is o - ver, Mal - brouk does not re -  
 tai - ne, In - to her tow - er loft - y Ma - dame has mount - ed  
 tai - ne, La Tri - ni - té se pas - se, Mal - brouk ne re - vient  
 tai - ne, Ma - dame à sa tour mon - te, Si haut qu'elle peut mon -

*mf*

*f* *p*

turn, Mal-brouk does not re - turn, Mal-brouk does not re - turn. \_\_\_\_\_  
 high, Ma-dame has mount - ed high, Ma - dame has mount - ed high. \_\_\_\_\_  
 plus, Mal-brouk ne re - vient plus, Mal-brouk ne re - vient plus. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ter, Si haut qu'elle peut mon - ter, Si haut qu'elle peut mon - ter. \_\_\_\_\_

*f* *p*



*mp*

5. She sees her page ap - proach - ing, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 6. Mal - brouk was slain in bat - tle, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 5. Elle voit ve - nir son pa - ge, Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -  
 6. Ma - dame! Mal-brouk est mort, \_\_\_\_\_ Mi - ron - ton, ton, ton, mi - ron -

*mp*

*mf*

tai - ne, She sees her page ap - proach - ing, In sa - ble hab - it  
 tai - ne, Mal - brouk was slain in bat - tle, He lies now in his  
 tai - ne, Elle voit ve - nir son pa - ge, En noir tout ha - bil -  
 tai - ne, Ma - dame! Mal-brouk est mort, \_\_\_\_\_ Est mort et en - ter -

*mf*

*f* *p*

clad, In sa - ble hab - it clad, In sa - ble hab - it clad. \_\_\_\_\_  
 grave, He lies now in his grave, He lies now in his grave. \_\_\_\_\_  
 lé, En noir tout ha - bil - lé, En noir tout ha - bil - lé. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ré, Est mort et en - ter - ré, Est mort et en - ter - ré!" \_\_\_\_\_

*f* *p*

## IT WAS DUNOIS, THE YOUNG AND BRAVE

(PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE)

English version by  
Sir WALTER SCOTT (1815)

(France)

Words and Music by  
QUEEN HORTENSE (1788-1887)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marziale

VOICE

*mp* *p*

1. It was Du-nois the young and brave was bound for Pal - es - tine, But  
 2. His oath of hon - or, on the shrine, he grav'd it with his sword, And  
 1. Par - tant pour la Sy - ri - e, Le jeune et beau Du - nois Ve -  
 2. Il é - crit sur la pier - re Le ser - ment de l'hon - neur, Et

PIANO

*mp* *cresc.* *mf* *p* *mf* *cresc.* *f*

first he made his o - ri - sons be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine; "And  
 fol - low'd to the Ho - ly Land the ban - ner of his lord; Where,  
 nait pri - er Ma - ri - e De bé - nir ses ex - ploits; Fai -  
 va sui - vre à la guer - re Le com - te, son sei - gneur. Au

grant, im - mor - tal Queen of Heav'n" was still the sol - dier's pray'r, "That  
 faith - ful to his no - ble vow, his war - cry fill'd the air, "Be  
 tes, Reine im - mor - tel - le, I ui dit - il en par - tant, Qu'ai -  
 no - ble voeu fi - dè - le, Il crie en com - bat - tant: A

I may prove the brav - est knight, and love the fair - est fair."  
 hon - or'd aye the brav - est knight, be - loved the fair - est fair."  
 mé de la plus bel - le, Je sois le plus vail - lant!  
 mour à la plus bel - le, Hon - neur au plus vail - lant!

*mp* 3. They owed the con-quest to — his arm, and then, his liege lord said: *p* "The  
 4. And then they bound the ho - ly knot be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine, That  
 3. On lui doit la vic - toi - - re "Du - nois," dit le sei - gneur, Puis-  
 4. A l'au - tel de Ma - ri - - e Ils con - sa - crent tous deux Cette

heart that has for hon - or beat, by bliss must be — re - paid, My  
 makes a par - a - dise on earth, if hearts and hands — com - bine, And  
 que tu fais ma gloi - - re, Je fe - rai ton — bon - heur; De  
 u - ni - on ché - ri - - e, Qui seu - le rend — heu - reux; Cha -

daugh - ter Is - a - bel and thou shall be a wed - ded pair, For —  
 ev - 'ry lord and la - dy bright, that were in chap - el there, Cried —  
 ma fille Is - a - bel - - le Sois l'é - poux à l'in - stant, Car —  
 cun dans la cha - pel - - le Di - sait, en les vo - yant: "A -

*cresc.* thou art brav - est of the brave, she fair - est of — the fair." *f*  
 "Hon - or'd be — the brav - est knight, be - loved the fair - - est fair."  
 elle est la plus bel - - le, Et toi le plus — vail - lant?"  
 mour à la plus bel - - le, Hon - neur au plus — vail - lant?"

# THE MARSEILLAISE

## (LA MARSEILLAISE)

(France)

Words and Music by  
ROUGET de L'ISLE (1792)

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

Tempo di Marcia *Vigorouso*

VOICE *mf* *mp*

1. Ye sons of France a-wake to glo - ry, The Sun of vic - t'ry soon will rise; — Tho' the  
2. And would that horde of slav-ish min - ions Con-spire our free-dom to o'er - throw? — Say for  
1. *Al-lons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e, Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-vé. Con-tre*  
2. *Que veut cet-te hor-de des cla-ves, De traî-tres, de rois con-ju-rés? Pour qui*

PIANO *mf* *marcato* *mp*

*cresc.* *f*

ty - rant's stan-dard all go - ry — Is up - rear'd in pride to the skies, Is up -  
whom those gyves were in - tend - ed — Which their craft pre-pared long a - go, Which their  
*nous de la ty-ran-ni-e — L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-vé, L'é-ten-*  
*ces i-gno-bles en-tra-ves, Ces fers dès long-temps pré-pa-rés, Ces fers*

*cresc.* *f*

*mf*

rear'd in pride to the skies! Do ye not hear in ev-'ry vil - lage Fierce  
craft pre-pared long a - go? What right-eous rage now should ex - cite us For  
*dard san-glant est le-vé! En-ten-dez-vous dans les cam-pa-gnes Mu*  
*dès long-temps pré-pa-rés? Fran-çais, pour nous, ah! quel out-ra-ge! Quels*

*mf*

*mp*

sol-diers who spread war's a-larms?      Who e-ven in our shel-tring arms      Slay our  
 French-men what shame is so great?      They e-ven dare to med-i-tate      To en-  
 gir ces fê-ro-ces sol-dats?      Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras      E-gor-  
 tran-sports il doit ex-ci-ter!      C'est nous qu'on o-se mé-di-ter      De rendre

*mp* *espress.*

*f*

sons and give our home to pil-lage!      To arms, — ye brave, to arms!      We'll  
 slave, but thus — they'll u-nite us!      Aux ar-mes, Ci-toy-ens!      For-  
 ger vos fils, — vos com-pa-gnes: }  
 à l'an-tique es-cla-va-gé! }

*f* *marcato*

*cresc.*

form — bat-tal-lions strong, —      March on, march on, —  
 mez. — vos ba-tail-lons,      Mar-chons, mar-chons, —

*cresc.*

*più f*

Their blood im-pure      shall bathe — our thresh-olds soon! —  
 Qu'un sang im-pur      a-breuve nos sil-lons! —

*più f*

*mf* *mp*

3. Ye ty-rants all, and trait-ors, trem - ble, Ye whom each fac-tion loads with blame;— Soon your  
 4. O sa-cred love of home and coun - try, Do thou di - rect each venge-ful blade.—— Lib - er -  
 5. May pa-triot love and friend-ship glow - ing Re-main the ob - ject we de - sire.—— May each  
 3. Trem-blez, ty - rans, et vous, per - fi - des, L'op-pro-bre de tous les par - tis!—— Trem-blez!  
 4. A-mour sa - cré de la pa - tri - e, Con-duis, sou - tiens nos bras ven - geurs,—— Li - ber -  
 5. Que l'a - mi - tié, que la pa - tri - e, Fas-sent l'ob - jet de tous nos vœux;—— A - yons

*mf* *marcato* *mp*

*cresc.* *f*

schemes shall be re - ward-ed,—— You'll be paid the price of your shame, You'll be  
 ty, so sought and so cher - ish'd,—— In thy cause now lend us thine aid, In thy  
 spir - it ev - er be light-ed,—— With the flame they both can in - spire, With the  
 vos pro - jets par - ri - ci - des—— Vont en - fin re - ce - voir leur prix, Vont en -  
 té, li - ber - té ché - ri - é,—— Com-bats a - vec tes dé - fen-seurs, Com - bats  
 tou-jours l'a - me rem - pli - e—— Des feux qu'ils in - spi - rent tous deux, Des feux

*cresc.* *f*

*mf*

paid the price of your shame. We all will be sol-diers to meet you And  
 cause now lend us thine aid. Be-neath our flag may might-y Vic-t'ry O'er -  
 flame they both can in - spire. All may be won; be but u - nit - ed, Our  
 fin re - ce - voir leur prix: Tout est sol - dat pour vous com - bat - tre! S'ils  
 a - vec tes dé - fen-seurs! Sous nos dra - peaux que la vic - toi - re Ac -  
 qu'ils in - spi - rent tous deux. So - yons u - nis, tout est pos - si - ble, Nos

*mf*

if our young heroes must fall, Our land will re-produce them all Strong-er  
 whelm all their hosts at thy call; And grant our cruel foes may fall As they  
 foes we can crush heath our feet; No more will Frenchmen then repeat That dread  
*tom-bent nos jeu-nes hé-ros, La France en pro-duit de nou-veaux, Con-tre*  
*coure à tes mâ-les ac-cents! Que tes en-ne-mis ex-pi-rants Voi-ent*  
*vils en-ne-mis tom-be-ront; A-lors les Fran-çais ces-se-ront De chan-*

*mp* *espress.*

yet, and ready to de-feat you! see our tri-umph and thy glo-ry.  
 cry which hath our land af-fright-ed. } To arms, — ye brave, to arms! We'll  
*vous tout prêts — à se bat-tre. Aux ar-mes, Ci-toy-ens! For-*  
*ton tri-omphe et no-tre gloi-re! ter ce re-frain ter-ri-ble:*

*f* *marcato*

form — bat-tal-lions strong, — March on, march on, —  
*mes — vos ba-tail-lons Mar-chons, mar-chons, —*

*cresc.* *cresc.*

Their blood im-pure shall bathe — our thresh-olds soon! —  
*Qu'un sang im-pur a-breuve nos sil-lons! —*

*più f* *più f*

# THE CARMAGNOLE

## (LA CARMAGNOLE)

(France)

Italian Air (1793)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

VOICE

*mf*

1. Ma - dame Ve - to once gave her word, Ma - dame Ve - to  
 2. Mon - sieur Ve - to once gave his word, Mon - sieur Ve - to  
 1. Ma - dam' Vê - to a - vait pro - mis, Ma - dam' Vê - to  
 2. Mon - sieur Vê - to a - vait pro - mis, Mon - sieur Vê - to

PIANO

*mf*

*f*

once gave her word — To put all Par - is to the sword, To  
 once gave his word — His peo - ple and their rights to guard, His  
 a - vait pro - mis — De faire é - gor - ger tout Pa - ris, De  
 a - vait pro - mis — Dê tre fi - dèle à su Pa - trie, Dê

*p* *cresc.*

put all Par - is to the sword. But vain the threat she made, Thanks  
 peo - ple and their rights to guard. His pled - ges did not bind; No  
 faire é - gor - ger tout Pa - ris. Mais son coup a man - qué, Grâce  
 tre fi - dèle à sa Pa - trie. Mais il y a man - qué, Ne



to our can - non - ade. — } Then dance the Car - ma -  
 quar - ter shall he find! — }  
 à nos ca - no - niers: — }  
 fai - sons plus quar - tié. — }

*f*

gno - le, Hail to the sound! Hail to the sound! Then  
 gno - le, Vi - ve le son, Vi - ve le son! — Dan -

*più f*

dance the Car - ma - gno - le, While the brave can - non do sound. —  
 sons la Car - ma - gno - le, Vi - ve le son Du ca - non. —

*più f*

*Tea \**

## AH, IT WILL GO!

(AH! ÇA IRA!)

(France)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Old Dance: Carillon national de Bécourt  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

VOICE *mf* *cresc.*

Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! We will hang a - ris - to - crats for  
 Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats à la lan -

PIANO *mf* *cresc.*

*più f*

lan-terns!\*) Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! Raise them on the rope and let them swing!  
 ter - ne! Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats on les pen - dra!

*più f*

*cresc.* *f*

Hang them or not, we'll beat them well, We'll burn their bones with fire of — hell! Ah, it will  
 Si'on n'les pend pas, on les romp' - ra, Si'on n'les romp pas, On les brul' - ra! Ah! ça i -

*cresc.* *f*

\*) The streets of pre-revolutionary Paris were lighted by lanterns swung on ropes stretched across the roadway.

*p* *f*

go! it will go! it will go! We will hang a - ris - to - crats for lan - terns! Ah, it will  
 ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats à la lan - ter - ne! Ah! ça i -

go! it will go! it will go! Raise them on the rope and let them swing!  
 ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats on les pen - dra!

*più f*

*mf* *cresc.*

Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! We will hang a - ris - to - crats for  
 Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats à la lan -

*mf* *cresc.*

*più f*

lan-terns! Ah, it will go! it will go! it will go! Raise them on the rope and let them swing!  
 ter - ne! Ah! ça i - ra, ça i - ra, ça i - ra, Les a - ris - to - crats on les pen - dra!

*più f*

## WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED SUCH SELF-WILLED DARING

(LA BRABANÇONNE)

JENNEVAL

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

FRANÇOIS van CAMPENHOUT

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro marziale

(Belgium)

VOICE

1. Who'd have be - lieved such self - will'd dar - ing, That his  
 2. In gen - 'rous wrath all too for - bear - ant, Bel - gium  
 1. Qui l'aur - ait dit de l'ar - bi - trai - re, Se - con -  
 2. Trop gé - né - reu - se en sa co - le - re, La Bel -

PIANO

base ends he might at - tain, A - vid for blood, a prince un -  
 strove for a right - eous cause. She from her king, as from a  
 dant les af - freux pro - jets, Sur nous un prin - ce san - gui -  
 gique ven - geant ses droits, D'un roi, quel - le ap - pe - lait son

cresc. f

spar - ing, Bul - lets on us should rain! Let it  
 pa - rent, On - ly ask'd just - er laws. But 'twas  
 nai - re, Vient lan - cer des bou - lets. C'en est  
 pe - re, N'im - plo - rait que de jus - tes lois. Mais

mf

end; Bel - gians, be free men, From Nas - sau brook no more in - dig - ni -  
 he, whose fu - rious fol - ly, With guns his son loosed on us ruth - less -  
 fait, Bel - ges, tout chan - ge, A - vec Nas - sau plus d'in - di - gnes trai -  
 lui, dans sa fu - reur é - tran - ge, Par le ca - non que son fils a poin -

cresc.

*più f*

ty; ——— Since grape has torn down the Or - ange fly - ing Up -  
 ly, ——— With Bel - gian blood stain'd the flag of Or - ange, Up -  
 tés, ——— La — mi - traillé a bri - sé l'o - ran - ge, Sur  
 té ——— Au sang — Belge a no - yé l'o - ran - ge, Sous

*più f*

*mf*

on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Since grape has torn down the Or - ange —  
 on the tree of Lib - er - ty, With Bel - gian blood stain'd the flag of —  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, La — mi - traillé a bri - sé l'o -  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Au sang — Belge a no - yé l'o -

*mf*

*f*

fly - ing Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up -  
 Or - ange, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up -  
 ran - ge Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sur  
 ran - ge Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous

*più f*

on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty.  
 on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty.  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

*più f*

*mf*

3. Bra - bant - ers proud, with hearts cou - ra - geous, Who in  
 4. And you for whom proud tears are flow - ing, 'Neath the  
 3. Fiers Bra - ban - çons, peu - ple de bra - ves, Qu'on  
 4. Et vous, ob - jets de no - bles lar - mes, Bra - ves,

*mf*

bat - tle are e'er so brave, You from Ba - ta - via's yoke out -  
 fierce can - non's fire who fell, Dead, for a na - tion all un -  
 voit com - bat - tre sans fléch - ir, Du scept - tre hon - teux des Ba -  
 morts au feu des ca - nons, A - vant que la pa - trie en

*cresc.* *f*

ra - geous Ball and pow - der shall save. At the  
 know - ing Names it should know so well, 'Neath the  
 ta - ves Tes bal - les sau - ront t'af - fran - chir! Sur Bru -  
 ar - mes Ait pu con - nai - tre au moins vos noms, Sous l'hum - ble

*mf*

*cresc.*

feet of the \*Arch - an - gel O'er Brus - sels then shall your flag float  
 sod, where we have laid you, There sleep, ye mar - tyrs, who fought daunt - less -  
 xelles, au pied de l'arch - an - ge, Ton saint dra - peau pour ja - mais est plan -  
 ter - re où l'on vous ran - ge, Dor - mez, mar - tyrs, ba - tail - lons in - domp -

*cresc.*

\* The Archangel Michael, patron saint of the city of Brussels

*più f*

free. ——— And proud - ly flour - ish, with - out the Or - ange, Up -  
 ly. ——— In peace there rest, far — from the Or - ange, Be -  
 té. ——— Et fier de ver - dir — sans l'o - ran - ge, Croît  
 tés; ——— Dor - mez en paix, loin — de l'o - ran - ge, Sous

*mf*

on the tree of Lib - er - ty! And proud - ly flour - ish with - out — the —  
 neath the tree of Lib - er - ty! In peace there rest, — far from — the —  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té. Et, fier de ver - dir — sans — l'o -  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té. Dor - mez en paix, loin — de — l'o -

*f*

Or - ange, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up -  
 Or - ange, Be - neath the tree of Lib - er - ty, Be -  
 ran - ge, Croît l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Croît —  
 ran - ge, Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous —

*più f*

on the tree of Lib - er - ty, Up - on the tree of Lib - er - ty!  
 neath the tree of Lib - er - ty, Be - neath the tree of Lib - er - ty!  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Croît l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.  
 l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té, Sous l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE (DIE WACHT AM RHEIN)

MAX SCHNECKENBERGER (1840)

(Germany)

KARL WILHELM (1854)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Marcato** *cresc.*

VOICE

1. A roar like thun - der strikes the ear, Like clang of arms or  
 2. A hun - dred thou - sand hearts beat high, The flash darts forth from  
 1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert - ge - klirr und  
 2. Durch hun - dert - tau - send zuckt es schnell, Und Al - ler Au - gen

**PIANO** *cresc.*

break - ers near, Push for - ward for the Ger - man Rhine! Who  
 ev - 'ry eye, For Teu - tons brave, in - ured by, toil, Pro -  
 Wo - gen - prall: Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deut - schen Rhein, Wer  
 bli - tzen hell; Der Deut - sche, bie - der, fromm und stark, Be -

*ff*

shields thee, dear be - lov - ed Rhine? } Dear Fa - ther - land, thou  
 tect their coun - try's ho - ly soil. }  
 will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein? } Lieb Va - ter - land, magst  
 schützt die heil' - ge Lan - des mark. }

*dim.* *p* *dolce*

*dim.* *p*



need'st not fear, Thy Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!  
 ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land, magst ru - hig sein,

*mf cresc.*  
 Dear land, dear Fa - ther - land, thou need'st not fear,  
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

*mf cresc. ten.*

*f*  
 Thy faith - ful Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!  
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

*f ten.*

*f* *cresc.*

3. When heav - en - ward we turn the eye Bend he - ro spir - its  
 4. As long as Ger - man blood still glows The Ger - man sword strikes  
 5. We take the pledge, the stream runs high, Our ban - ners proud point  
 3. Er blickt hin - auf in Him - mels - au'n, Da Hel - den Vä - ter  
 4. So lang' ein Tro - pfen Blut noch glüht, Noch ei - ne Faust den  
 5. Der Schwur er - schallt, die Wo - ge rinnt, Die Fah - nen flat - tern

*f* *cresc.*

*ff*

from the sky; We swear to guard our dear be - quest, And  
 might - y blows; The Ger - man marks - men take their stand, No  
 to the sky; Push on - ward for the Ger - man Rhine, We  
 nie - der - schau'n, Und schwört mit stol - zer Kam - pfes - lust, Du  
 De - gen zieht, Und noch ein Arm die Bü - chse spannt, Be  
 hoch im Wind; Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deut - schen Rhein, Wir

*ff*

*dim.* *p* *dolce*

shield it with the Ger - man breast,  
 foe shall tread our na - tive land,  
 all will die to guard the Rhine!  
 Rhein bleibst deutsch wie mei - ne Brust,  
 tritt kein Feind hier dei - nen Strand!  
 al - le wol - len Hü - ter sein!

Dear Fa - ther - land, thou  
 Lieb Va - ter - land, magst

*dim.* *p*

need'st not fear, Thy Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!  
 ru - hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land, magst ru - hig sein,

*mf cresc.*  
 Dear land, dear Fa - ther - land, thou need'st not fear,  
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

*mf cresc. ten.*

*ff*  
 Thy faith - ful Rhine - land watch stands firm - ly here!  
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

*ff ten.*

# 19

## RHINE SONG

### (RHEINLIED)

NIKLAS BECKER

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Germany)

G. KUNZE (1840)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Moderato**

VOICE

1. No,— nev - er shall they cap - ture Our— free, our Ger - man Rhine, Tho'  
 2. No,— nev - er shall they cap - ture Our— free, our Ger - man Rhine, So  
 1. Sie— sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den— frei - en deut - schen Rhein, Ob  
 2. Sie— sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den— frei - en deut - schen Rhein, So

PIANO

*più p* *mf*

like the croak - ing ra - ven They— for their prey should pine; Long  
 long as hearts are glad - den'd By— vine - yards' yield of wine, So—  
 sie wie gier' - ge Ra - ben Sich— hei - sser dar - nach schrein; So—  
 lang' sich Her - zen la - ben An— sei - nem Feu - er - wein; So—

*più p* *mf*

*f*

as the no - ble riv - er Flows— past its ver - dant shores, Long  
 long as stand the moun - tains Which— have for a - ges stood, So  
 lang' er ru - hig wal - lend, Sein— grü - nes Kleid noch trägt, So  
 lang' in sei - nem Stro - me, Doch— fest die Fel - sen stehn, So

as the air is mer - ry With\_ meas - ured dip of oars! No, —  
 long as proud ca - the - drals Are\_ mir - ror'd in the flood. No, —  
 lang' ein Ru - der schal - lend An\_ sei - ne Wo - gen schlägt! Sie —  
 lang' sich ho - he Do - me In\_ sei - nem Spie - gel sehn. Sie —

nev - er shall they cap - ture Our\_ free, our Ger - man Rhine, Tho'  
 nev - er shall they cap - ture Our\_ free, our Ger - man Rhine, So  
 sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den\_ frei - en deut - schen Rhein, Ob  
 sol - len ihn nicht ha - ben, Den\_ frei - en deut - schen Rhein, So

*più f*  
 like the croak - ing ra - - ven They\_ for their prey should pine.  
 long as hearts are glad - den'd By\_ vine - yards' yield of wine.  
 sie wie gier' - ge Ra - ben Sich\_ hei - sser dar - nach schrein!  
 lang' sich Her - zen la - ben An\_ sei - nem Feu - er - wein.

*più f*

3.

No, never shall they capture  
 Our free, our German Rhine,  
 While youths and tender maidens  
 Shall seek the nuptial shrine;  
 So long as in those waters  
 A single fish be found,  
 So long as song surviveth  
 And minstrel lays resound.  
 No, never shall they capture  
 Our free, our German Rhine  
 Till 'neath the flood lies buried  
 The last of German line.

3.

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben  
 Den freien deutschen Rhein,  
 So lang' dort kühne Knaben  
 Um schlanke Dirnen frei'n;  
 So lang' die Flosse hebet  
 Ein Fisch auf seinem Grund,  
 So lang' ein Lied noch lebet  
 In seiner Sänger Mund.  
 Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,  
 Den freien deutschen Rhein,  
 Bis seine Fluth begraben  
 Des letzten Mann's Gebein!

# I AM A PRUSSIAN

## (ICH BIN EIN PREUSSE)

(Germany)

Translated by M. X. Hayes

A. NEIDHARDT

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Maestoso

VOICE *mf*

1. I am a Prus - sian! do you know my col - ors? The stan - dard  
 2. With lov - ing pride I for my coun - try of - fer (Where our great  
 1. Ich bin ein Preu - sse! Kennt ihr mei - ne Far - ben? Die Fah - ne  
 2. Mit Stolz und Lie - be opfr' ich gern dem Lan - de, (Das un - sers

PIANO *mp*

*p*

floats be - fore me, black and white; My fa - thers died their lib - er - ty de -  
 Fred - 'rick's fame doth hov - er round) Un - to my foe my life I'd free - ly  
 schwebt mir\_ weiss und schwarz vor - an, Dass für die Frei - heit mei - ne Vä - ter  
 gro - ssen Fried - richs Ruhm um - schwebt,) Mein Preu - ssen - blut wenn es am stei - len

*p*

fend - ing, Which doth pro - claim the col - ors mine by right. I  
 prof - fer, Tho' on the mar - gin\_ of the gulf pro - found. The  
 star - ben, Das den - ten, merkt es\_ mei - ne Far - ben an. Nie  
 Run - de Des Ab - grunds steht, von\_ Fein - den kühn er - strebt. Fest

*dim.*

ne'er will shrink de - spair - ing, Like them all - dan - ger -  
 bonds are all en - dur - ing, Our broth - er - hood en -  
 werd' ich bang ver - za - gen, Wie je - ne, will ich's -  
 sind der Lie - be - Ban - de, Heil - mei - nem Va - ter -

shar - ing, Tho' dark and chill, or bright with sun the day, I am a  
 sur - ing, The sa - cred call rings in my heart for aye, I am a  
 wa - gen, Sei's trü - ber Tag, sei's hei - trer Son - nen - schein, Ich bin ein  
 lan - del! Der heh - re Ruf dringt in das Herz mir ein, Ich bin ein

*cresc.* *f*

Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! Tho' dark and chill, or bright with sun the  
 Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! The sa - cred call rings in my heart for  
 Preu - sse, und Preu - sse will ich sein! Sei's trü - ber Tag, sei's hei - trer Son - nen -  
 Preu - sse, und Preu - sse will ich sein! Der heh - re Ruf dringt in das Hers mir

*Chorus* *cresc.*

day, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!  
 aye, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!  
 schein, Ich bin ein Preu - sse, will nur Preu - sse sein!  
 ein, Ich bin ein Preu - sse, will nur Preu - sse sein!

*mf*

3. And when the an - gry storm is round us roar - ing, And night doth  
 4. When Truth and Worth are in our land u - nit - ed, When Prince and  
 3. Und wenn der bö - se Sturm mich wild um - sau - set, Die Nacht ent -  
 4. Wenn Treu' und Muth sich so dem Lan - de wei - hen, Wenn Fürst und

*mp*

*p*

red - den in the light-ning's glow; E'en tho' the wrath of Heav-en seem out -  
 peo - ple clasp the friend - ly hand, When vows of broth - er - hood are firm - ly  
 bren - net in des Bli - tzes Gluth; Hat's doch schon är - ger in der Welt ge -  
 Volk — sich rei - chen treu die Hand, Dann wird in die - sem Bun - de, es ge -

*p*

*p*

pour - ing No trace of fear will stur - dy Prus - sians show. Tho'  
 plight - ed, 'Tis then will grow in strength our Fa - ther - land. Join  
 brau - set, Und was nicht beb - te, — war des Preu - ssen Muth. Mag  
 dei - hen, Dann blüh'n und wach - sen — un - ser Va - ter - land. Drum

*f* *dim.*



rocks and trees be fall - ing, I'll brave the sight ap -  
 hands, our bond re - new - ing, For Truth our du - ty -  
 Fels und Ei - che split - tern, Ich wer - de nicht er -  
 bin - den wir auf's neu - e, Uns Fest mit Lieb und

*p*

pal - ling; Tho' thun - der roars and light - nings mock the day, I am a  
 do - ing So are we strong to con - quer in the fray, I am a  
 sit - tern; Es stürm' und krach, es bli - tze wild dar - ein, Ich bin ein  
 Treu - e. Stark sind wir dann! ja, schla - get freu - dig ein! Wir sind ja

*cresc.* *f* *cresc.*

Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! Tho' thun - der roars and light - nings mock the  
 Prus - sian and Prus - sian will I stay! So are we strong to con - quer in the  
 Preu - sse, und Preu - sse will ich sein! Es stürm' und krach, es bli - tze wild dar -  
 Preu - ssen, nur Preu - ssen lasst uns sein! Stark sind wir dann! ja, schla - get freu - dig

*Chorus* *mf* *cresc.* *mf marcato* *cresc.*

day, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!  
 fray, I am a Prus - sian, will a Prus - sian stay!  
 ein! Ich bin ein Preu - sse, will nur Preu - sse sein!  
 ein! Wir sind ja Preu - ssen, lasst uns Preu - ssen sein!

*f* *f*

# PRINCE WILLIAM OF OLD NASSAU

## (WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWE)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Holland)

Attributed to MARNIX de SAINT ALDEGONDE (1568)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Con spirito*

VOICE *f* *mf*

1. Prince Wil - liam of — old — Nas - sau, Of true Dutch blood — am I; I'll  
 1. Wil - hel - mus van — Nas - sou - we, ben ick van dujt - schen bloet, het

PIANO *f* *mf*

guard my faith - ful — peo - ple Till comes my hour — to die. As —  
 Va - der - lant — ge - trou - we, blijf ick tofs Lant's — be - hoet, een —

*più f*

Prince of Or - ange roy - al, Tho' free and un - re - strain'd, To  
 Prin - ce van O - ra - njen ben ick vrij on - ver - veert, den

*mp*

*più f* *mp*

*cresc.* *f*

Spain's — King was I loy - al, While with jus - tice he reign'd.  
 Co - — ninck van His — pa - njen, ick al - tijd heeb' ge - eert.

*f* *mf*

2. My faith in God's un - shak - en, And nev - er will I yield My  
 3. My coun - try, for thy sor - rows I feel my sad heart bleed! To  
 2. Myn schilt en mijn be - trou - wen zyt ghij (o God mijn Heer!) op  
 3. Oor - lof mijn ar - me sha - pen die zyt in groo - ten noot, u

*più f*

home - land to be tak - en By ty - rant's sword and shield. Thy  
 Him who nev - er sleep - eth I trust in our great need. A  
 u soo wil ick bou - wen: ver - laet my nem - mer meer: op  
 Her der sal niet sla - pen, al lyt ghij veel 'aen - stoot, tot

*mp* *più f* *mp*

rights I've ev - er guard - ed With mild, with faith - ful hand, Yet  
 Chris - tian's faith was nev - er On God rest - ed in vain; His  
 dat ick vroom mach bly - ven, u Die naer 'al - ler tijt, de  
 God wilt u be - ge - ven, syn hejl - saem woord neemt aen, en

*cresc.* *f*

now I am dis - card - ed, And robb'd of crown and land.  
 aid will fail me nev - er My own crown to re - gain.  
 ty - ran - ny ver - drij - ven, die men igh hert door - snijt.  
 een vrom Chris - ten le - ven: want 't is hier haest ge - daen.

# LET ALL WITH DUTCH BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS (WIEN NEËRLANDSCH BLOED)

HENRIK van TOLLENS (1815)

Translated by Clara Kappey

(Holland)

SMITS (1820)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante

VOICE *mf*

1. Let all with Dutch blood in their veins, Whose love of home is  
 2. We're broth-ers true un - to a — man, We sing the old song  
 1. Wien Neër-landsch bloed in dà - ders cloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten  
 2. Stort nit dan, broe - ders, eens van zin, Dien hoog ver - hoor - den

PIANO *mf*

*cresc.*

strong, yet, vry, kreet, Now A - way with him, Wiens hart voor Hy help to raise th'in spir - ing strains And —  
 ev - er can His —  
 ko - ning gloeit, Ver -  
 dengh te - min, Die —

*cresc.*

*mf* *cresc.*

praise our Prince in song. With no - ble thought lift up one voice, U -  
 Prince or land for - get! A hu - man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We —  
 heff' den zang als wy: Hy stell' met ons, ver - eend van zin, Met —  
 land en vorst ver - geet; Hy gloeit voor mensch en broe - der niet, In —

*mf* *cresc.*

*mp*

nit - ed heart and hand; God bids our hearts in — song re - joice For  
 turn him from our hand, Who hears un - moved the — song and pray'r For  
 on - be - klem - de borst; Het god - ge - val - lig — feest - lied in Voor  
 d'ou - be - wo - gen borst, Die koel blyft by ge - bed en lied Voor

*f*

Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land.  
 Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land.  
 va - der - land en vorst, Voor va - der - land en vorst.  
 va - der - land en vorst, Voor va - der - land en vorst.

*mf*

3. Pre - serve, O God, the hal - low'd ground Our pa - triot fa - thers gave; The  
 4. Loud rings thro' our re - joi - cings here Our pray'r, O Lord, to Thee! Pre -  
 3. Be - scherm, o God! be - waak den grond Waar op ons' a - dem gaat; De  
 4. Dring luid, van nit ons feest ge - druisch, Die bleeuw' he - mel in: Be -

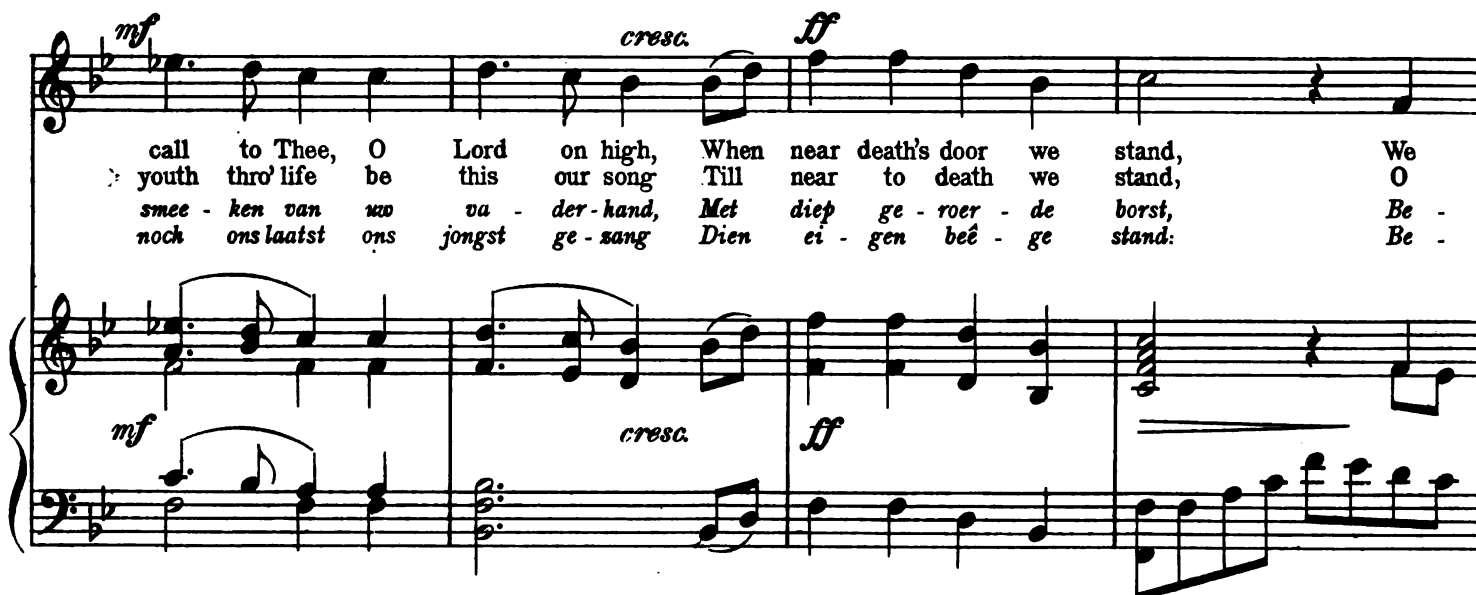
*cresc.*



land where we a cra - dle found, Where - in — we'll find a grave. We  
 serve our (Prince, his) home so dear, To — Hol - land, great and free! From  
 plek waar on - ze wieg op stond, Waar — eens — ons — graf op staat. Wy  
 waar den vorst, be - waar zyn huis. En — ons — zyn — huis - ge - zin. Doe

*cresc.*

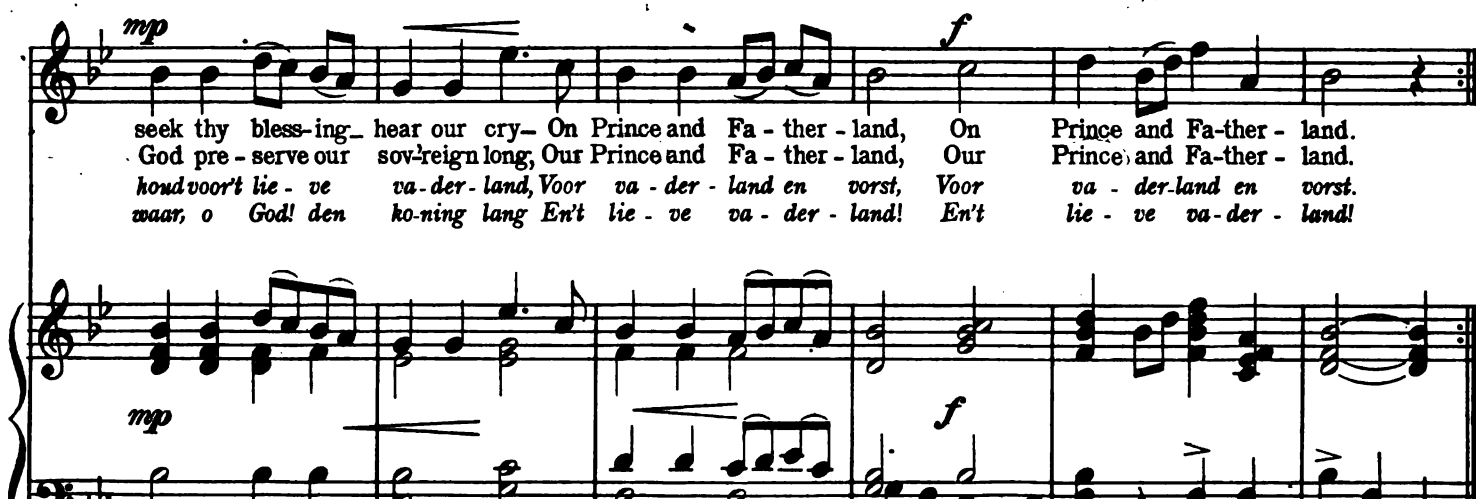
*mf* *cresc.* *ff*



call to Thee, O Lord on high, When near death's door we stand, We  
 youth thro' life be this our song Till near to death we stand, O  
 smee - ken van uw va - der - hand, Met diep ge - roer - de borst, Be -  
 noch ons laatst ons jongst ge - zang Dien ei - gen beê - ge stand: Be -

*mf* *cresc.* *ff*

*mp* *f*



seek thy bless - ing — hear our cry — On Prince and Fa - ther - land, On Prince and Fa - ther - land.  
 God pre - serve our sov - reign long, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land.  
 houdvoort lie - ve va - der - land, Voor va - der - land en vorst, Voor va - der - land en vorst.  
 waar, o God! den ko - ning lang En't lie - ve va - der - land! En't lie - ve va - der - land!

*mp* *f*

## BERGEN OP ZOOM

(Holland)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

Old War Song (1622)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

## Marziale

VOICE

*f*

1. Lo, with what glow do all the go to the strife!  
 2. Sword that has gored all the horde of our foes,  
 1. *Merk, toek hoe sterck, nu in't werck sich al steld*  
 2. *'t moe di ge, bloe di ge woe di ge swaerd*

PIANO

*sf marcato*

Wide as a tide with our guide in free - dom — call - ing.  
 Bright in this fight flash - ing white the sparks from the clash - ing,  
*Die 'tal - len - tj, soo ons vrij - hejt heeft be - stre - den.*  
*Blonck en het klonck, dat de von - cken dae - ruijt vlo - gen!*

*più f*

See how our pow'r at this hour thrills with life, Rife as we fight for the  
 Make for our sake earth to shake, deal - ing blows! Won - der of thun - der, now  
*Siet hoe hij slaeft, graeft en draeft met ge - weld!* Om on - se goet, en ons  
*Be - vin - gen, le - ving op - ge - ving der aerd,* Won - der ge - don - der nu

*più f*

right, for homes too fall - ing. Hark! the beat of  
un - der, now o - ver crash - ing. By the can - non,  
bloet, en on - se ste - den. Hoor de Spaen - sche  
on - der was, nu bo - ven, Door al 't my - nen

*sempre f*

Span - ish drums; Hear their trum - pets ea - ger.  
by the mines Driv - ing hel - ter - skel - ter  
trom - mels slaen! Hoor Ma - raens trom - pet - ten!  
en't ge - schut Dat men daeg' - lijcx hoor - de;

*f*

Yon - der in - so - lent, he comes Ber - gen to be -  
Hosts of Span - iards thro' their lines, Who in blood will  
Siet hoe komt hij tre - cken aen, Ber - gen te be -  
Me - nig span - jaert in zijn hut In - sijn bloet vers -

*più f*



*ff poco allargando*

lea - - guer. } Berg op Zoom, val - or's home,  
 wel - - ter. }  
 set - - ten. }  
 moor - - de! } Berg op Zoom, hout u vroom

*ff poco allargando*

*più f*

Blast the Span - ish — for - - ces! Flesh and blood,  
 stut de Spaen - sche — scha - - ren, laets' Lands boom,

*più f*

*rit.*

Land and flood, Use your last re - - sour - - ces.  
 end' syn stroom, trouw - lyk toek be - - wa - - ren.

*cresc.* *rit.*

# GOD PRESERVE OUR NOBLE EMPEROR

## (GOTT ERHALTE FRANZ DEN KAISER)

LAURENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA (1797)  
Translated by M. X. Hayes

(Austria)

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732-1809)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**VOICE** *Moderato* *mp* *cresc.*

1. God pre - serve our no - ble Em - p'ror, Franz our  
 2. O - - ver bloom - ing lands his scep - tre Doth ex -  
 1. Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern  
 2. Ue - - ber blü - hen - de Ge - - fil - de, Reicht sein

**PIANO** *mp* *cresc.*

*mf*

Em - p'ror good and — great! Might - - y rul - er, high in  
 tend both wide and — far; Of his throne the no - blest  
 gu - ten Kai - ser — Franz! Hoch als Herr - scher, hoch als  
 Sce - pter weit und — breit. Säu - - len sei - nes Throns sind

*mf*

*cresc.* *f* *p*

wis - dom, We his glo - ry cel - e - brate! Love shall twine him lau - rel  
 pil - lars Right - eous - ness and mer - cy — are. O - ver all his shield ex -  
 Wei - ser Steht er in des Ruh - mes Glanz! Lie - be win - det Lor - beer -  
 Mil - de, Bie - der - sinn und Red - lich - keit, Und von sei - nem Wap - pen -

*cresc.* *f* *p*

*cresc.* *f.* *dim.*

gar-lands, They be - come his re - gal - state! God pre - serve our no - ble  
 tend - ed Beams ef - ful - gent as a - star. God pre - serve our no - ble  
 rei - ser Ihm zum e - wig grü - nen - Kranz! Gott er - hal - te Franz den  
 schil - de Strah - let die Ge - rech - tig - keit. Gott er - hal - te Franz den

*cresc.* *f.* *dim.*

*p.* *f.*

Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror good and - great! God pre -  
 Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror good and - great! God pre -  
 Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz! Gott er -  
 Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz! Gott er -

*p.* *f.*

*dim.* *p.*

serve our no - ble Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror good and - great!  
 serve our no - ble Em - p'ror, Franz our - Em - p'ror good and - great!  
 hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz!  
 hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern - gu - ten - Kai - ser - Franz!

*dim.* *p.*

*mp* *cresc.*

3. To ar - ray him - self in vir - tue, Ev - er was his con - stant  
 4. Bonds of sla - v'ry he has bro - ken, He has made his peo - ple—  
 3. Sich mit Tu - gen - den zu schmü - cken, Ach - tet er der Sor - gen—  
 4. Er zer - brach der Knecht - schaft Ban - de, Hob zur Frei - heit uns em -

*mp* *cresc.*

*mf* *cresc.*

care; On - ly to de - fend his peo - ple Doth his  
 free; May his days be ev - er hap - py, He, the  
 werth. Nicht, um Völ - ker zu er - drü - cken, Flammt in  
 por! Früh' er - leb' er deut - scher Lan - de, Deut - scher

*mf* *cresc.*

*f* *p*

sword fläme high in— air. In their bless - ings thus re -  
 flow'r of chiv - al - ry; And the smiles of chil - dren's  
 sei - ner Hand das— Schwert; Sie zu seg - nen, zu be -  
 Völ - ker höch, - sten— Flor, Und ver - neh - me, noch am

*f* *p*

ward-ed He finds all his pleas-ure there. God pre-serve our no-ble  
 chil-dren Cheer him when his hour is nigh. God pre-serve our no-ble  
 glü-chen, Ist der Preis, den er be-gehrt. Gott er-hal-te Franz den  
 Ran-de Spä-ter Gruft, der En-kel Chor; Gott er-hal-te Franz den

Em-p'ror, Franz our Em-p'ror good and great! God pre-  
 Em-p'ror, Franz our Em-p'ror good and great! God pre-  
 Kai-ser, Un-sern gu-ten Kai-ser Franz! Gott er-  
 Kai-ser, Un-sern gu-ten Kai-ser Franz! Gott er-

serve our no-ble Em-p'ror, Franz our Em-p'ror good and great!  
 serve our no-ble Em-p'ror, Franz our Em-p'ror good and great!  
 hal-te Franz den Kai-ser, Un-sern gu-ten Kai-ser Franz!  
 hal-te Franz den Kai-ser, Un-sern gu-ten Kai-ser Franz!

# NATIONAL HYMN

## (HYMNUSZ)

FERENCZ KOSELEY  
Translated by H. F. B.

(Hungary)

FRANZ ERKEL (1810 - 1898)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Maestoso religioso** *mf* **espress.** *mf risoluto*

**VOICE**

1. Lord of heav - en, bless our land, Joy and plen - ty  
 2. Hail, all hail, ho - ly land! Crown'd with lone - ly  
 1. Is - ten, áldd meg a Mag - yart! Jó ked - vel  
 2. Ö - se - in - ket fel - ho - zád Kár - pát' szent

**PIANO** *mf* *mf risoluto*

*mp* **espress.**

here be - stow, In our need, lift Thine hand,  
 moth - ers' tears, On - ward lead, he - ro band,  
 bő - seg - gél Nyúts fe - lé - je vé - dö - kart,  
 bér - cse - re, Ál - ta - lad nyert szép ha - zát,

*cresc.* *mf marcato*

Strong to shield us from the foe. Hun - ga - ry in days of old,  
 On - ward ev - er through the years. Peace shall fol - low af - ter pain,  
 Ha küzd el - len - ség - gel; Bal sors a' kit ré - gen tép,  
 Ben - de - gús - nak ve - re. 'Smer - re ság - nak hab - ja - i

*cresc.* *mf marcato*

*cresc.* *più f* *dim.*

Proud and fear - less, staunch and free, Call'd her sons from field and fold To  
 Love shall gar - ner in her store, Free - dom ris - en once a - gain Shall  
 Hozz rá vig — esz - ten - döt, Meg - bün - höd - te már e nep A  
 Tis - za - nak — Du - ná - nak, Ár - pád hös mag - zat - ja - i Fel -

*cresc.* *più f* *dim.*

*p* *ff*

die for Lib - er - ty, Call'd her sons from  
 live for ev - er - more, Free - dom ris - en  
 mul - tat's jö - ven - döt! Meg - bün - höd - te  
 vi - rá - go - zá - nak. Ár - pád hös mag -

*cresc.* *ff*

*dim.* *rall.* *p sostenuto*

field, and fold To die for Lib - er - ty.  
 once a - gain Shall live for ev - er - more.  
 már e nep A mul - tat's jö - ven - döt!  
 zat - ja - i Fel - vi - rá - go - zá - nak.

*dim.* *rall.* *p sostenuto*

## GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN

Professor MERCANTINI (1859)  
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Italy)

Melody attributed to OLIVIERI  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

## Marziale

VOICE

PIANO

*f* To arms, men! To arms, men! *mf* 1. The graves loose their cap-tives; a -  
2. The land famed for flow-ers, for  
All' ar - mi! all' ar - mi! 1. Si sco - pron le tom - be, si  
2. La ter - ra dei fio - ri, dei

rise our de - part - ed; Our mar - tyrs come forth, all our he - roes great -  
po - ets, for sing - ing, Once more be a land where the sword - blows are  
le - va - noi mor - ti, I mar - ti - ri no - stri son tut - ti ri -  
suo - ni, dei car - mi, Ri - tor - ni qual e - ra la ter - ra dell'

*mf* heart-ed, With sa - bre in hand, and their brows crown'd with lau - rel, The  
ring-ing! Our hands may be bound with a hun - dred harsh fet - ters But  
sor - ti, Le spa - de nel pug - no, gli al - lo - rial - le chio - me, La  
ar - mi; Di cen - to ca - te - ne ci rin - ser la ma - no, Ma an -

*cresc.* fame and the name of I - ta - lia their star! Make haste, oh, make  
still they can bran-dish Leg - na - no's bright swords. The Aus - tri - an  
fiam - ma ed il no - me d'I - ta - lia sul cor: Cor - ria - mo, cor -  
cor di Leg - na - no sai fer - ri bran - dir. Bas - to - ne te -

*cresc.* *f* *mp*



*cresc.*

haste! For-ward, gal-lant bat-tal-ions! Fling out to the winds flags for  
 staff no I-tal-ian be-la-bors; The race born of Rome do not  
 ria-mo, su o gio-va-ni schie-re! Su al ven-to per tut-to le  
 des-co l'I-ta-lia non do-ma, Non cres-co no al gio-co le

*cresc.* *dim.*

*dim.* *mp* *cresc.*

all, ye I-ta-lians, Rise, all with your weap-ons! Rise all fire-im-pas-sion'd! Rise,  
 jest with their sa-bres; No long-er will Ita-ly put up with her ty-rants; Too  
 no-stre ban-die-re! Su tut-ti col fe-ro! su tut-ti col fuo-co! Su  
 stir-pe di Ro-ma; Più I-ta-lia non vuo-le stra-nie-rie ti-ran-ni Già

*mp* *cresc.*

*più f* *ff*

all fire-im-pas-sion'd, I-tal-ians ye are! De-part from our home-land, De-  
 ma-ny long years have we har-bor'd their hordes! De-part from our home-land, De-  
 tut-ti col fuo-co d'I-ta-lia nel cor. Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va  
 trop-po son gli an-ni che du-ra il ser-vir. Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va

*più f* *ff ten.*

*cresc.* *D.S.*

part, O ye stran-gers! This hour gives the sig-nal; be-take you a-far.  
 part, O ye stran-gers! This hour gives the sig-nal; be-take you a-far.  
 fuo-ri ch'e lo-ra, Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!  
 fuo-ri ch'e lo-ra, Va fuo-ri d'I-ta-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!

*cresc.* *ff* *D.S.*

*mf*

3. For us are the dwell - ings of It - a - ly fash - ion'd, While  
 4. Let voi - ces be si - lent, let each arm be read - y! Let's  
 3. Le ca - se d'I - ta - lia son fat - te per no - i, E  
 4. Sien mu - te le lin - gue, sien pron - te le brac - cia; Sol -

*mf marcato*

*cresc.*

yours on the Dan - ube must hence - forth be sta - tion'd, You've  
 face to the foe, — let us march firm and stead - y! And  
 la sul Da - nu - bio la ca - sa de tuo - i, Tu i  
 tun - to al ne - mi - co vog - lia - mo lu fac - cia, E

*cresc.*

*mf*

rav - aged our fields, ay, our bread you have sto - len; Our  
 then in a mo - ment the Aus - trian will flee us. One  
 cam - pi ci guas - ti, tu il pa - ne e' in - ro - li I  
 tos - to ol - tre i mo - men - ti, n'an - dra lo stra - nie - ro Se

*mf*

*cresc.* *f* *mp*

sons for our - selves we de - sire to en - roll. The Alps — with the  
 thought in our hearts for our home - land shall flame! Our eyes — are not  
 nos - tri fig - liuo - li per noi li vog - liam. Son l'Al - pi e i du -  
 tut - to un pen - sie - ro l'I - ta - lia sa - rà. Non bas - ta il tri -

*mp*

*cresc.*

two seas mark. It - a - ly's bor - ders; Our fire - blaz - ing char - iots shall  
 fix'd - up - on bar - bar - ous plun - der; Great prin - ces from rob - bers no  
 e ma - ri d'I - ta - lia con - fi - ni, Col car - ro di fuo - co rom -  
 on - fo di bar - ba - re spog - lie, Si chiu - dan ai la - dri d'I -

*cresc.* *dim.*

*dim.* *mp* *cresc.*

mow down the war - ders; All signs of the form - er fron - tiers shall be can - cell'd! One  
 jeal - ous - ies sun - der; The na - tives of It - a - ly form but one na - tion; Her  
 piam gli Appen - ni - ni Dis - trut - to og - ni sog - no di vec - chia fron - tie - ra, La  
 ta - lia le so - glie Le gen - ti d'I - ta - lia son tut - te u - na so - la, Son

*mp* *cresc.*

*più f* *ff*

ban - ner a - lone let us raise o'er the whole! De - part from our home - land, De -  
 famed hun - dred cit - ies are one but in name! De - part from our home - land, De -  
 nos - tra ban - die - ra per tut - to in - nal - ziam. Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va  
 tut - te u - na so - la le cen - to cit - tà. Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va

*più f* *ff ten.*

*cresc.*

part, O ye stran - gers! This hour gives the sig - nal; be - take you a - far.  
 part, O ye stran - gers! This hour gives the sig - nal; be - take you a - far.  
 fuo - ri ye L'o - ra, Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ri o stra - nier.  
 fuo - ri che L'o - ra, Va fuo - ri d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ri o stra - nier.

*ff*

# RIEGO'S HYMN (EL HIMNO DE RIEGO) (Spain)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con moto

VOICE *Chorus*

Up, war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle -  
Sol - da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la

PIANO *marcato*

*cresc.*

cry, And in her name we'll con - quer, Or, fight - ing for her,  
lid, Ju - re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo -

*cresc.*

*dim.* *mf* Solo

dial — 1. With con - fi - dence march - ing, With hearts firm and  
2. Now brave men and free men Un - sheath - ing the  
rir. — 1. Se - re - nos, a - le - gres, Va - lien - tes, o -  
2. Blan - da - mos, el hier - ro, Que el ti - mi - do es -

*dim.* *mf* legato

strong, To the skies o - ver - arch - ing Let ring forth your  
glaive, With its splen - dor ef - ful - gent Af - fright ev - 'ry  
sa - dos Can - te - mos, sol - da - dos, El him - no à la  
cla - ro Del li - bre, del bra - vo La faz no o - sa

*cresc.*

song. In loud thun - d'ring cho - rus the world shall ad -  
 slave. The foe, cowd and trem - bling, our blade dare not  
 lid. Yá nue - stros a - cen - tos El or - be se ad -  
 ver. Sus hues - tes cual hu - mo Ve - reis di - si -

*poco cresc.*

*f*

mire. The sons of the Cid, who re - mem - ber their  
 meet: He scat - ters be - fore us in pan - ic de -  
 mi - re, Yen nos - o stros mi - re Los hi - jos del  
 pa - das, Ya nues - tras es - pa - das Fu - ga - ces cor -

*f*

*Chorus*

*più f*

sire. } Up, war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle -  
 feat. }  
 Cid. } Sol - da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la  
 ver. }

*più f marcato*

*cresc.*

cry, And in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, die.  
 lid, Ju - re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo - rir.

*cresc.*

# RIEGO'S HYMN (EL HIMNO DE RIEGO) (Spain)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Con moto**

**Chorus**

**VOICE**

Up, war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle -  
Sol - da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la

**PIANO**

*f marcato*

*cresc.*

cry, And in her name we'll con - quer, Or, fight - ing for her,  
lid, Ju - re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo -

*cresc.*

*dim.* *mf Solo*

die! 1. With con - fi - dence march - ing, With hearts firm and  
2. Now brave men and free men Un - sheath - ing the  
rir. 1. Se - re - nos, a - le - gres, Va - lien - tes, o -  
2. Blan - da - mos, el hier - ro, Que el ti - mi - do es -

*dim.* *mf legato*

strong, To the skies o - ver - arch - ing Let ring forth your  
glaive, With its splen - dor - ef - ful - gent Af - fright ev - 'ry  
sa - dos Can - te - mos, sol - da - dos, El him - no à la  
cla - ro Del li - bre, del bra - vo La faz no o - sa

*cresc.*

song. In loud thun - d'ring cho - rus the world shall ad -  
 slave. The foe, cowd and trem - bling, our blade dare not  
 lid. Yà nue - stros a - cen - tos El or - be se ad -  
 ver. Sus hues - tes cual hu - mo Ve - reis di - si -

*poco cresc.*

*f*

mire. The sons of the Cid, who re - mem - ber their  
 meet: He scat - ters be - fore us in pan - ic de -  
 mi - re, Yen nos - o stros mi - re Los hi - jos del  
 pa - das, Ya nues - tras es - pa - das Fu - ga - ces cor -

*f*

*Chorus*

*più f*

sire. } Up, war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle -  
 feat. }  
 Cid. } Sol - da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la  
 ver. }

*più f marcato*

*cresc.*

cry, And in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, die.  
 lid, Ju - re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo - rir.

*cresc.*

*mf Solo*

3. The world nev - er wit - ness'd De - fi - ance more bold, Nor the  
 4. Then hail we the chief To whom first comes the praise, In de -  
 5. We heard his ap - peal And we fol - low'd his call; There were  
 3. El mun - do - vio nun - ca Mas no - ble o - sa - di - a? Lu -  
 4. Ho - nor al - can - dil - lo Ho - nor al - pri - me - ro Que el  
 5. Lu vox fué - se - gui - da, Lu vox fue es - cu - cha - da, Tu -

*mf legato**cresc.*

bright sun - in heav - en Such val - or - un - told; As  
 fence of our rights His bright brand to up - raise; Whose  
 none but were will - ing With glo - ry to fall, To  
 ciò nun - ca un di - a Mas gran - de en - va - lor Que a -  
 ci - vi - co a - ce - ro O - so ful - mi - nar. La  
 vi - mos en na - da, Sol - da - dos, mo - rir. Yo -

*poco*

that burn - ing ar - dor which ev - 'ry breast fired, With  
 home - land dis - tress'd lent an ear to the voice That  
 shat - ter their fet - ters, from their souls to lave The  
 quel que in - flam - ma - dos Nos vi - mos del fue - go Que es -  
 pa - tria af - li - gi - da O - yò sus a - cen - tos Y  
 sa - dos qui - si - mos Rom - per la ca - de - na Que

*cresc.*



Chorus  
*più f*

*f*

love for his coun - try, by Rie - go in - spired. Up,  
 ban - ish'd af - flic - tion and made her re - joice.  
 mark of the i - ron that hum - bles the brave.

*ci - ta - ra en Rie - go De pa - tria el a - mor?*  
*vio sus - tor - men - tos En go - zo tor - nar.* Sol -  
*de a - fren - ta lle - na, Del bra - vo el vi - vir.*

*f* *più f*

*cresc.*

war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle - cry, And  
 da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la lid, Ju -

*marcato* *cresc.*

in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, die!  
 re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó mo - rir.

*mf Solo*

6. "To arms!" rings the call, For they on - ly can save From the  
 7. The wind bears the ech - o Of trum - pets a - far, And the  
 8. Then for - ward to meet them, To strike their ar - ray; Lo, they  
 6. Mas ya al ar - ma to - can: Las ar - mas tan so - lo El  
 7. La trom - pa - guer - re - ra Sus e - cos da al vien - to, De  
 8. Se Mues - tran: vo - le - mos, Vo - le - mos, sol - da - dos. Los

*mf legato*

rage of the spoil - er, The lot of the slave; Then  
 roar of the guns Tells the hor - rors of war; While  
 trem - ble be - fore us, Nor dare join the fray. Then  
 cri - men - el do - lo Po - dran a - ba - tir. Que  
 hor - ro - res se - dien - to Ya mu - ge el cã - non, Ya  
 veis a - ter - ra - dos Su fren - te ba - jar? Vo -

*poco*

*cresc.*

trem - ble, ye ty - rants, and cow - ard - ly quake, To  
 Mars rous - es val - or no dan - ger can tame, The  
 for - ward, for free - men at all times have known To  
 tiem - blen, que tiem - blen, Que tiem - ble el mal - va - do, Al  
 Mar - te sa - ñu - do La au - da - cia pro - vo - ca, Y el  
 le - mus que el li - bre Por siem - pre ha - sa - bi - do Del

*cresc.*

*f* *Chorus* *più f*

see the keen lance in the sol - dier's hand shake! Up,  
 soul of the na - tion is born a - mid flame.  
 bring slaves to heel in hu - mil - i - ty prone.  
 ver al sol - da do La lan - sa es - gri - mir.  
 ge nio se in vo ca De nues tra na - cion. Sol -  
 sier vo ven di do La fren - te hu - mil - lar.

*f* *più f*

war - riors! 'tis your home - land That sounds the bat - tle cry, And  
 da - dos, la pa - tria Nos lla - ma à la lid, Ju -

*marcato*

*cresc.* *poco rall.*

in her name we'll con - quer Or, fight - ing for her, diel  
 re - mos por el - la Ven - cer ó - mo riv.

*cresc.*

# 28

## ROYAL MARCH

### (MARCHA REAL)

(Spain)

ALMENDROS

*Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

Traditional March

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

Marziale

VOICE

Hail him! hail him! all hail our no - ble King Al - fon - so,  
Vi - va! vi - va! mag - na - ni - mo el Rey Al - fon - so,

PIANO

Hail to our King, our no - ble King Al - fon - so! Lau - rel en-crowns him, and  
Al - fon - so trece, el Rey Al - fon - so tre - ce, ci - ña a sus sie - nes o -

love guides his hand To rule with jus - tice o'er this loy - al land.  
li - vay lau - rel, la ma - no fer - vi - da del pue - blo fiel.

*ff marcato*

Hail him! hail him! all hail our no - ble King Al - fon - so,  
Vi - va! vi - va! mag - na - ni - mo el Rey Al - fon - so,

*ff marcato*

Hail to our king, our no - ble King Al - fon - so! Lau - rel en-crowns him and  
Al - fon - so trece, el Rey Al - fon - so tre - ce, ci - ña a sus sie - nes o -

*cresc.*

love guides his hand To rule with jus - tice o'er this loy - al land.  
li - ray lau - rel, la ma - no fer - vi - da del pue - blo fiel.

*cresc.* *pesante*

# NATIONAL HYMN

## (HYMNO NACIONAL)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Portugal)

Words and Music by DOM PEDRO IV (1822)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Marziale**  
*mf*

**VOICE**

1. O coun - try, king and peo - ple, Your re -  
 2. Oh, in pa - tri - ot - ic pas - sion For our  
 1. O' pa - tria, o Rei, ó Po - vo, A - ma a  
 2. Oh, cum quan - to de - sa - fo - go Na - com -

**PIANO**  
*mf*

*più f*

fi - gion love and servel Be faith - full Our con - sti -  
 cause we all u - nite. Wing our spir - its, O con - sti -  
 tua Re - li - gi - ão, Ob ser - va e guar - da  
 mun a - gi - ta ção, Dá vi - gor As al - mas

*più f*

*f*

tu - tion, di - vine - ly giv'n, ye shall pre - serve, Di - vine - ly  
 tu - tion, With ho - ly vig - or and with might, With ho - ly  
 sem - pre Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção, Di - vi -  
 to - das Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção, Di - vi -

*cresc.* *f*

giv'n, ye shall pre - serve } Hail, O home-land! King and home-land, On our  
vig - or and with might. }  
nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção. } Vi - va, vi - va, vi - va a Re - i, Vi - va a  
nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção. }

*cresc.* *f*

*dim.* *cresc.*

ho - ly re - li - gion rest. Lu - si - tan - ians, fired with val - or, Hail our  
San - ta Re - li - gi - ã - o; Vi - va Lu - zos Va - lo - ro - sos, A fe -

*dim.* *cresc.*

*mf*

bless - ed con - sti - tu - tion, Hail our con - sti - tu - tion — blest!  
lis Con - sti - tu - i - ção, A fe - lis Con - sti - tu - i - ção.

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

3  
Splendid fortune shall await us  
If in unity we dwell;  
Flame before us, O Constitution,  
Forever weave thy sacred spell!  
Hail, O homeland! King and homeland!  
etc.

4  
Let the truth flame forth in glory,  
Let the King increase in fame!

3  
Venturosos n'os seremos  
Em perfeita união,  
Tendo sempre em vista todos  
Divinal Constituição.  
Viva, viva, viva o Rei,  
etc

4  
A verdade não se offusca,  
O Rei não s'engana, não:

# KING CHRISTIAN STOOD BESIDE THE MAST

## (KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HØIEN MAST)

JOHANNES EWALD  
Translated by Clara Kappey

(Denmark)

Old air adapted by JOHANNES HARTMANN  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock,

Témpo di Marcia

VOICE

*f* *cresc.*

1. King Chris - tian stood be - side the mast In smoke and  
2. Nils Ju - el heard the tem - pest high, 'Tis now the  
1. Kong Chris - tian stod ved høi - en Mast I Røg og  
2. Niels Juel gav Agt paa Stor - mens Brag: Nu er det

PIANO

*f* *cresc.*

*mf* *f*

mist; His glit - ting sword was swing - ing fast, Thro' hos - tile heads it  
hour! He raised the red flag t'ward the sky, And smote the foe till  
Damp; Hans Vaer - ge ham - re - de saa fast, At Go - thens Hjelm og  
Tid! Han hei - se - de det rø - de Flag Og slog paa Fjen - den

*mf* *f*

*mp* *f*

swift - ly pass'd, Then sank each Goth - ic hulk and mast In smoke and  
all did cry A - loud a - bove the tem - pest high, 'Tis now the  
Hjer - ne brast, Da sank hvert fjendt - ligt Speil og Mast I Røg og  
Slag i Slag. Da skreg de høit blandt Stor - mens Brag: Nu er det

*mp* *f*



*p* *mf* *marc.* *cresc.* *f*

mist. Fly! shout - ed they, for no man can The pow'r of Den - mark's  
 hour! Fly! call'd they, who his life would save! Of Den - mark's Ju - el  
*Damp.* Fly, skreg - de, fly, hvad flyg - te kan! Hvo staaer mod Dan - marks  
*Tid!* Fly, skreg de, Hver som veed et Skjul! Hvo kan be - staae mod

*p* *mf* *marc.* *cresc.* *f*

*f*

Chris - ti - an, The pow'r of Den - mark's Chris - ti - an Re - sist!  
 who can brave, Of Den - mark's Ju - el who can brave The pow'r?  
*Chri - sti - an, Hvo staaer mod Dan - mark's Chri - sti - an I kump?*  
*Dan - marks Juel, Hvo kan be - staae mod Dan - marks Juel I Strid?*

*f*

3.

North sea! a glimpse of Wessel brake  
 Thy low'ring sky!  
 Thy knights are fighting for thy sake,  
 Within the sea foes refuge take,  
 A cry of wild despair doth break  
 Thy low'ring sky!  
 Fly! shout they, even warriors bold  
 ¶ From Denmark thunders Tordenskiold :||  
 Then fly!

4.

Path of the Dane to fame and pow'r,  
 Dark rolling flood!  
 Receive the friend who ne'er did cow'r  
 Before grim death in danger's hour,  
 But brave -

3.

O Nordhav! Glimt af Wessel brød  
 Din mørke Sky!  
 Da tyede Kaemper til dit Skjød;  
 Thi med ham lynte Skraek og Død.  
 Fra Valen hørt Vraal, som brød  
 Den tykke Sky.  
 Fra Danmark lyner Torden kjold;  
 ¶ Hver give sig i Himlens Vold :||  
 Og fly!

4.

Du Danskes Vei til Roes og Magt,  
 Sortladne Hav!  
 Modtag din Ven, som uforsagt  
 Tr møde Faren med Foragt,  
 Saa stolt som du mod Stormens Mægt.

# DENMARK'S VERDANT MEADOWS

## (THYRA DANNEBOD)

L. O. KOK  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Denmark)

P. E. RASMUSSEN (1776-1800)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante con moto

VOICE

*f*

1. Den - mark with thy ver - dant mead - ows  
2. Tho' our north - ern winds are bit - ter,  
1. Dan - mark, dei - ligst Vang og Vaen - ge,  
2. At dess - nar - er' feer - des kun - de

PIANO

*f marcato*

Stretch - ing to the sea, Hap - py he whose  
North - ern hearts are warm; Hard the life that  
Lukt med Bøl - gen blaa, Hvor de ra - ske  
Vaer - ket med Be - hør, Dron - ning Thy - re

*più f*

*più f*

eye is glad - den'd By the sight of thee. For - eign  
makes us har - dy, Saves from Pleas - ure's harm. Oth - er  
dan - ske Dren - ge Kan i Le - ding gaae. Mod de  
lod fra Grun - de, Rei - se, hvor man Kjør. Gjen - nem

*mp*

*mp*

*cresc.*

lands are rich - er, fair - er, Oft un - fold a beau - ty  
lands may praise the glo - ry Of their maids in song and  
Tyd - ske, Sla - ver, Ven - der, Hvor man dem paa - Tog hen -  
Vol - den, sig en Bu - re, Paa det Vaerk at hol - de

*cresc.*

*f*

rar - er; But the Dane's heart e'er is turn - ing,  
sto - ry, But our blue - eyed girls are near us,  
sen - der; Een Ting mang - ler for den Ha - ve;  
ku - re; Slet sig No - get kun vil fpi - e

*f*

*cresc.* *f*

For his home - land yearn - ing.  
With their smiles to cheer us.  
Le - - det er af La - - ve.  
Un - - der frem - med Øi - - e.

*cresc.* *f*

# SONG OF DENMARK

## (SANG FOR DANSKE)

C. J. BOYSE (1791 - 1858)

*Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney*

(Denmark)

C. E. F. WEYSE (1826)

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock***Moderato**

VOICE

1. In north - ern zone a beau - teous land is ly - ing, And tho' no  
 2. From Ei - der's stream to Ska - gen's white hills gleam - ing, Far as the  
 1. Der er et Land; dets Sted er høit mod Nor - den, Og Dy - bets  
 2. Fra Eid - 'rens Strøm til Ska - gens nø - gne Ban - ker Den jyd - ske

PIANO

*mf* *f*

*cresc.*

moun - tains tow - er proud - ly there, No oth - er land can in our hearts be  
 waves that wash the Jut - land strand, There lies a land with hap - py plen - ty  
 Bjer - ge svøm - me naer dets Havn, Men skjøn som det er in - gen Plet paa  
 Ha - løv krum - mer sig mod Nord. Et her - ligt Land! dets Folk sig Vel - stand

*cresc.*

vie - ing - It is our Fa - ther - land, our Den - mark  
 beam - ing, En - rich'd by gold from man - ya for - eign  
 Jor - den, Og Dan - mark naer - ner man dets fav - re  
 san - ker, Paa frem - med Strand det hen - ter Guld om -

*dim. mp mf*

fair! With waves of sil - ver doth the sea ca - ress it, In leaf - y  
land. While mount - ed troops our fer - tile land are shield - ing; And arm - ed  
Navn! I sølv - blaa Ve - ster-hav en dei - lig Ha - ve, Med Bø - ge -  
bord. Den mun - tre Strids hingst o - ver En - gen van - ker, Og Sti - mer

*dim. mp mf*

*cresc. f cresc.*

elms the feath - er'd song - sters nest, A kind - ly Heav'n has nev - er ceased to  
hosts pro - tect their na - tive fjord, The for - est old its might - y oaks is  
hegn, hvor Nat - ter - ga - le boel! Og hver en Deel gav Him - me - len sin  
myl - dre i - den dy - be Fjord; Til Stavn og Ror har Sko - ven E - ge -

*cresc. f cresc.*

bless it, Con - tent and peace up - on its bos - om rest.  
yield - ing To build us ships our peo - ples' right to guard.  
Ga - ve, Paa hver - en Plet Vel - sy - nel - ser - ne groel!  
plan - ker, Dets Søn - ner Kraft, og Snild - hed de - res Ord.

*mf* *f*

3. And east - ward vie the friend - ly shores of Zea - land, With those of  
 4. So stream and sound the towns and mead - ows sev - er, But Den - mark  
 3. Mod Øst for den - ne tvæn - de Ha - ve stri - de Med Sjø - lunds  
 4. Saa skil - le Strøm og Sun - de Mark og Stae - der; Men Eet er

*mf* *f*

*cresc.*

Fu - nen's isle in glim - m'ring sheen; There clothed in white, near Fal - ster's strand and  
 stands u - nit - ed in its might; A na - tion's love and faith will bind it  
 Bred og O - dins gam - le Ø; Naer Lol - land, Fal - ster, staaer i Klæ - der  
 Dan - mark, tro - fast er dets Magt; En Bro af Malm Sam - draeg - ti - ghe - den

*cresc.*

Laa - land, The maid - en of the wave stands crown'd with  
 ev - er, And hon - or stands a guar - dian for its  
 hvi - de, Med Løv om Haa - ret, Bøl - gens ran - ke  
 sme - der Fra Bred til Bred, og Ær - lig - hed staaer

*dim.* *mp* *mf*

green. Her health - y peo - ple ne'er can want be know - ing; The gold - en  
right. A com - mon cause here ev - 'ry heart is blend - ing, And lov - ing  
*Mp.* Det ras - ke Folk kan in - gen Man - gel li - de, Thi Ag - 'ren  
Vagt. Vort Held er eet, og fael - leds er vor Hae - der— Den vog - ter

*dim.* *mp* *mf*

*cresc.* *f* *cresc.*

grain in heav - ing waves stands high; Round flow - 'ry mead - ows gar - dens sweet are  
chil - dren shield each ver - dant shore, All Dan - ish hearts to Heav'n one pray'r are  
her sig bøl - ger som en Sø; Om fav - re Blom - ster - eng staae Lun - de  
Svaer - det med sin Va - re - taegt— Og cen den dan - ske Bøn, hvert Hjer - te

*cresc.* *f* *cresc.*

*rall.* *sostenuto*

glow - ing 'Tis sweet to live; and here 'tis hard to die!  
send - ing: God save our King and coun - try ev - er - more!  
bli - de; Her er det smukt at le - ve, tungt at døe!  
be - der: "Gud skjaer - me Kon - gen og hans he - le Slaegt!"

*sostenuto*

# 33

## ICELAND

### (ISLAND)

(Iceland)

Translated by H. F. B.

Ancient Icelandic Folksong  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Largamente*

**VOICE**

*mf* Ice - land, beau - ti - ful land! *f* Com - pas - sion - ate,  
Is - land, far - saelds - a frón, og hag saeld - a

**PIANO**

*mf*

*dim.* snow - crown - ed moth - er! *mp* Where are thy glo - ries of  
hrim - kvit - a móð - ir! Hvar er þín forn - ald - ar

*dim.*

*mf* old, free - dom, and *dim.* deeds — of the brave?  
freað, frels - ið og mann - dað in best?

*mf* *dim.*



# SONS OF NORWAY (SØNNER AF NORGE)

(Norway)

H. A. BJERREGAARD (1792-1842)  
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

C. BLOM (1782-1861)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Tempo di Marcia*

VOICE

*f*

1. Ye sons of Nor - way, the realm — old in sto - ry,  
2. Back to the long - van - ish'd past — soar our fan - cies;  
1. Søn - ner af Nor - ges det aeld - gam - le Ri - ge,  
2. Fly - ver vor Aand til de hens - vund - ne Ti - der,

PIANO

*f marcato*

*cresc.* *più f*

Sing while the harp-strings the joy - notes pro-long!  
There splen - did shows our great an - ces - tors' race.  
Sjun - ger til Har - pems den fest - li - ge Klang!  
Her - ligt den sku - er vort Fae - dre - lands Glands:

Send to the skies tones that  
Gi - ants went wan - d'ring, as  
Man - digt og høi - tids - fuldt  
Kaem - per - ne gan - ge om

*cresc.* *più f*

*p*

tell — of our glo - ry; Dear Fa - ther - land, un - to thee swells the song.  
if — un - to dan - ces, Dov - re - feld's flanks till brave war - deeds took place.  
To - nen lad sti - ge, Fae - dre - ne - lan - det ind - vi - es vor Sang!  
Dov - ref jelds Si - der, Van - dre til Le - din - ge - faerd som til Dands.

*p*

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**Largamente**

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Is - land, far - saelds - a frón, og hag saeld - a

**PIANO**

*mf*

*dim.* snow - crown - ed moth - er! *mp* Where are thy glo - ries of  
hrim - kvit - a móð - ir! Hvar er þin forn - ald - ar

*dim.*

*mf* old, free - dom, and *dim.* deeds — of the brave?  
fraegd, frels - ið og mann - dað - in best?

*mf* *dim.* *p*

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Send to the skies tones that  
Gi - ants went wan - d'ring, as  
Man - digt og høi - tids - fuldt  
Kaem - per - ne gan - ge om

*cresc.* *più f*

*p*

tell — of our glo - ry; Dear Fa - ther - land, un - to thee swells the song.  
if — un - to dan - ces, Dov - re - feld's flanks till brave war - deeds took place.  
To - nen lad sti - ge, Fae - dre - ne - lan - det ind - vi - es vor Sang!  
Dov - ref jelds Si - der, Van - dre til Le - din - ge - faerd som til Dands.

*p*

*p* *cresc.*

Sweet re - col - lec - tions Wake our af - fec - tions,  
 Ma - ny a ro - ver Wide seas cross'd o - ver  
 Fae - dre - ne - min - der Her - ligt op - rin - der,  
 Man - di - ge Ska - rer Bøl - gen be - fa - rer,

*p* *cresc.*

*f* *mf*

When - e'er we call to our mind Nor - way's fame; Hearts throb - bing loud - ly and  
 Nor - way's re-nown to pro - claim far a - way. Men still are liv - ing who'd  
 Hoer - gang vi naev - ne vor Fae - dre - ne staov. Soul - men - de Hjer - ter og  
 Nor - ri - ges Roes bear til fjer - ne - ste Kyst; Hjem - me er Kaem - pe - re

*f* *mf*

*cresc.* *più f*

cheeks glow - ing proud - ly, Hom - age we pay — to her loved ho - ly name.  
 fight glad - ly, giv - ing Life, that our free - dom no foe - man be-tray.  
 glø - den - de Kin - der Hyl - de det elsk - te, det hel - li - ge Navn.  
 nok, som fors - va - rer Ar - ve - de Fri - hed med Mo - di - ge Bryst.

*cresc.* *più f*

## 3.

While, clad in armor, all men prove their glory,  
 While they all stand in their militant blaze,  
 Singers and sagamen gloat o'er the story—  
 Cut into runes their magnificent lays.  
     Bold kings are reigning,  
     Great fights sustaining  
 Bearing all-wisely whatever befalls,  
     While thro' the centuries night never waning  
 Shine out their shields into Memory's halls!

## 4.

Days gone forever! yet still brightly blazes  
 Your holy flame in the Norseman's fond heart;  
 Still sturdy men, strong of heart, the land raises,  
 Still in its life freedom, honor have part!  
     When poets' stories  
     Tell of its glories  
 Each Norseman's breast swells with pleasure and pride;  
     Unto him Norway with bleak snowy shore is  
 Fairer than aught that the south can provide!

## 5.

High shrines of freedom in fair Norway's valleys  
 Stand 'neath the fjeld safely shelter'd from stress;  
 Thought, speech are free both in hut and in palace;  
 Free can he work for dear Norway's success!  
     Birds heav'nward soaring,  
     North Sea waves roaring  
 Are not more free than the Norseman must feel;  
     Yet he obeyeth the laws he self-layeth--  
 Leal to his King, to his Fatherland leal!

## 6.

Dear Fatherland with the cloud-lofty mountains,  
 Grain-bearing valleys and fish-fruitful coasts!  
 Loyalty, love do we pour thee in fountains;  
 Gladly for thee would we die—hear our boasts!  
     Thou'lt perish never,  
     Land we prize ever,  
 Free as the tempest that roars round thy fjeld!  
     And while the billows to sweep thee endeavor,  
 Ne'er can thy star-reaching fame be dispel'd.

## 3.

*Medens de Staalklaedte prøve sin Styrke,  
 Medens de stande i haempende Rad,  
 Skjalde og Sagamaend Kunsterne dyrke,  
 Riste i Runer de herligste Kvad.  
     Konninger bolde  
     Scepteret holde,  
 Røgte med Vüsdöm det hellige Kald;  
 Gjennem Aarhundreders Nat deres Skjolde  
 Gjenstraale klart i Erindringens Hal.*

## 4.

*Oldtid! du svandt, men din hellige Flamme  
 Blusser i Nordmandens Hjerter endnu!  
 End er af Æt og af Kraft han den Samme  
 End staaer til Frihed og Ære hans Hu,  
     Og naar han kvaeder  
     Norriges Haeder,  
 Soulmer hans Hjerter af Stolthed og Lyst;  
 Ham er selv Sydens de yndigste Steder  
 Intet mod Norriges snedaekte Kyst:*

## 5.

*Frihedens Tempel i Nordmandens Dale  
 Stander saa herligt i Ly af hans Fjeld;  
 Frit tør han tænke, og frit tør han tale,  
 Frit tør han virke til Norriges Held.  
     Fuglen i Skove,  
     Nordhavets Vove  
 Friere er ei, end Norriges Mand;  
 Villig dog lyder han selvgivne Love,  
 Trofast mod Kong og Faedreneland.*

## 6.

*Elskede Land med de skyhøje Bjerger,  
 Frugtbare Dale og fiskrige Kyst!  
 Troskab og Kjaerlighed frøe vi dig søaerge;  
 Kalder du, bløde vi for dig med Lyst.  
     Ewig du stande,  
     Elskede blandt Lande,  
 Frit som den Storm, der omsuser dit Fjeld!  
 Og, medens Bølgen omsnoer dine Strande,  
 Stedse du voxe i Haeder og Held!*

# AY, THIS LAND HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS

## (JA, VI ELSKER DETTE LANDET)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

*Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole*

(Norway)

RIKARD NORDRAAK

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE



1. Ay,	this land her	sons and daugh - ters	Love, as high she
2. Har -	old once this	land de - fend - ed	With his fight - ing
3. Ay,	this land her	sons and daugh - ters	Love as high she
1. Ja,	vi el - sker	det - te Land - et	Som det sti - ger
2. Det -	te Land - et	Har - old bjer - ge	Med sin Kaem - per
3. Ja,	vi el - sker	det - te Land - et	Som det sti - ger

PIANO



lies,	Fir - clad, weath - er	- worn, o'er wa - ters	With their thou - sand
band;	And while Ey - vinds	song rang splen - did	Haa - ken held this
lies,	Fir - clad, weath - er	- worn, where wa - ters	Thou - sand-crest - ed
frem	Fu - ret, vejr - bidt	o - ver Van - det	Med de tu - sind
ad,	Det - te, Lan - det	Haa - ken vaer - ged	Med - dens Ey - vind
frem	Fu - ret, vejr - bidt	o - ver Van - det	Med de tu - sind



cries!	How	we	love	those	he - roes	old - en
land.	For	this	land	great	O - laf	dark - end
rise.	As	our	fa -	thers	brave	suc - ceed - ed
stjem.	El -	sker,	el -	sker	de	tog taen - ker
kvad.	Gaa	det	Land -	et	O - laf	mal - te
Kjem.	Og	som	Fal -	dres	karop	har hae - ve



*mf*

Who to us gave worth, And the sto - ried night when  
 Fer - tile fields with gore; From these moun - tains Ro - ma  
 Rais - ing her to might, So if e'er our aid she  
 Gaa vor Far og mor, Og den Sa - ga nat, som  
 Ker - set met vit Blod Fra dets Ho - je Sver - re  
 Det fra Nod til Seyr Og sar vi naar det blir

*mf*

*cresc.*

gold - en Vis - ions brood o'er earth, And the  
 heark - en'd Sver - re's chal - lenge roar, From these  
 need - ed For her peace we'd fight, So if  
 saen - ker Drom - me paa vor Jord, Og den  
 tal - te Ro - ma midt i Mod, Fra dets  
 krae - vet For dets fred slaar sjer, Og sar

*cresc.* *f marcato*

*cresc.* *f*

sto - ried night when gold - en, gold - en Vis - ions brood o'er earth.  
 moun - tains Ro - ma heark - en'd, heark - en'd Sver - re's chal - lenge roar.  
 e'er our aid she need - ed, For her peace, her peace we'd fight.  
 Sa - ga nat, som saen - ker, saen - ker Drom - me paa vor Jord.  
 Ho - je Sver - re tal - te, tal - te Ro - ma midt i Mod.  
 vi naar det blir krae - vet, krae - vet For dets fred slaar sjer.

*cresc.* *f*

## FROM DEPTHS OF SWEDISH HEARTS

(UR SVENSKA HJERTANS)

STRANDBERG

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

LINDBLAD (1804-1855)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

(Sweden)

Andante

VOICE *f* *più f*

Once from the depths of Swe - den's heart A  
 Ur Soens - ka hjer - tans djup en gång En

PIANO *f* *marcato* *più f*

full and art - less song did start, And to the King it — came:  
 sam - fäld och en en - kel sång, Som går till Kun - gen — fram.

*p*

*f* *marcato* *dim.*

Be true to her, and to his race; Make light the crown his  
 Var ho - nom tro - fast och haus ätt, Gör kro - nan på haus

*f* *marcato* *dim.*

*f* *rall.*

head to grace, And all thy trust up - on him place, Thou folk of death-less fame!  
 hjes - sa lätt, Och all din tro till ho - nom sätt Du folk af frej - dad stam!

*f*



# 37 CARL JOHAN

95

HENRIK A. KULLBERG (1772-1834)  
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Sweden)

JEAN DU PUY (1772-1822)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

*f*

1. Carl Jo - han our king, He came as from  
2. Oh, fol - low our king, In bat - tle to  
1. Carl Jo - han vår Kung, Hun kom som från  
2. O föl - jom vår Kung, I kri - gis - ka

PIANO

*f marcato*

*mf*

*dim.*

heav - en. Let prais - es be giv - en! Let young and old sing!  
hold to, The young and the old, too, Their fe - al - ty bring.  
hög - den; O sjung - om i fröj - den Bå gam - mal och ung.  
ti - der Till mo - di - ga stri - der Bå gam - mal och ung.

*mf*

*dim.*

*mp*

*cresc.*

*f*

Repeat for Chorus

The throne his cre - a - tion! He built up the na - tion; This work did our king.  
In sword-play he's mas - ter. But war is dis - as - ter; He's peace - ful, our king.  
Han tryg - ga - de Thronen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen; Det gjor - de vår Kung.  
Han vet fö - ra svär - det Men Kün - ner doch vår - det Af fri - den, vår Kung.

*mp*

*cresc.*

*f*

*f marcato*

3. Show love to our king! To all he is  
 4. Thank God for our king! From all that might  
 3. O äls - kom vår Kung! Han skyd - - dar oss  
 4. O tack - om vår Kung! Ur gruf - - vor han

*f marcato*

*mf* *dim.*

pleas - ant; So no - ble and pleas - ant His vir - tues will sing.  
 grieve us His fa - vors re - lieve us Great joy doth he bring!  
 li - ka, Bå ar - ma och ri - ka, Bå gam - mal och ung.  
 ö - ser, Vål - ger - nin - gar slö - ser På gam - mal och ung.

*mf* *dim.*

*mp* *cresc.* *f* *Repeat for Chorus*

He's faith - ful in all things, In great things and small things, Our dil - i - gent king!  
 No Swe - den u - nit - ed With Nor - way de - light - ed, Were't not for our king.  
 Hos stor el - ler li - ten Han skat - tar blott fli - ten Och dyg - den, vår Kung!  
 Ej Sve - a och No - re För - en - a - de vo - re Fö - ru - tan vår Kung!

*mp* *cresc.* *f*

*f marcato*

5. Oh, blest be our king! He bright - ens our  
 6. Oh, long live our king As Free - dom's de -  
 5. Vål - sig - nom vår Kung! Han ryckt oss ur  
 6. O lef - ve vår Kung! Till fri - he - tens

*f marcato*

*mf* *dim.*

fa - ces; To hap - pi - er pla - ces Our feet doth he bring.  
 fend - er, That joy - ful he ren - der The folk 'neath his wing.  
 nö - den Till säl - la - re ö - den, Bå gam - mal och ung.  
 häg - nad Till in - ner - lig fäg - nad För gam - mal och ung.

*mf* *dim.*

*mp* *cresc.* *f* *Repeat for Chorus*

He's al - ways re - veal - ing A fa - ther - ly feel - ing For us - our good king!  
 Of mon - archs the great - est, Of he - roes the lat - est Oh, long live our king!  
 Han bär för vår smär - ta Ett fa - der - ligt hjer - ta, Vål - sig - nom vår Kung!  
 Bland Kun - gar den för - ste, Bland hjel - tar den stör - ste, O lef - ve vår Kung!

*mp* *cresc.* *f*

## GOD SAVE THE CZAR!

(BOJĚ TSARIA KHRANI!)

JOUKOWSKY (1833)  
Translated by Clara Kappey

(Russia)

ALEXIS LVOFF (1799-1871)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Maestoso**  
***f* Solo**

VOICE

Lord God, pro - tect the Czar! Pow'r - ful and might - y  
Bo - jě tsa - ria khra - ni! Sil - nyi der - jav - nyi

(2d time 8va higher)

**PIANO**  
***f marcato***

May he in glo - ry, in glo - ry reign. reign.  
Tsarst - voie na Sla - vyi, na sla - vū nam; nam;

1. Repeat for Chorus 2.

***mf* Solo** ***cresc.*** ***f***

He is our guid - ing star, Great in peace and war, Our  
Tsarst - voie na strakh vra - gam, Tsar pra - vo - slav - nyi!

***mf*** ***cresc.*** ***f***

***ff*** **Repeat *ff* for Chorus**

faith's true pro - tect - or, Long live the Czar!  
Bo - jě tsa - ria khra - ni!

***ff***

# POLISH NATIONAL SONG (JESZCZE POLSKA)

WYBITSKI

Translated by Clara Kappey (revised)

(Poland)

Melody attributed to OGINSKI (1765-1825)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

**VOICE** *mp*

1. Po-land's not yet dead in sla - vr'y, — She shall reign in splen - dor,  
 2. Po - lish blood e'en now is flow - ing — And our swords are flash - ing,  
 1. Jesz - cze Pols - ka nie zgi - ne - la, — Pó - ki my ży - je - my;

**PIANO** *mp*

*cresc.*

What she lost her chil-dren's bra - v'ry — Once a - gain will ren - der.  
 Bo - na-parte we'll soon be o - ver-throw - ing With a dead - ly thrash - ing.  
 Co - nam ob - ca prze - moc — wzię - la, Sza - błą od - bie - sze - my.

*cresc.*

*mf* *cresc.*

On, on, ye le - gions, Where the bat - tle ra - ges;  
 Marsz, marsz, Dą - brow - ski, Zzie - mi Włos - kię do Pol - ski!

*mf* *cresc.*

*più f* *dim. Repeat for Chorus*

Po - land shall a - gain be free, Firm - ly crush all ty - ran - ny!  
 Za two - im — prze - wo - dem Zła - czym się zra - ro - dem!

*più f* *dim.*

# GOD FOR POLAND

## (BOŻE COŚ POLSKĘ)

(Poland)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

Melody ascribed to KURPINSKI  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Andante con moto*

**VOICE**

*p* *cresc.*

1. God, who of Po - land's might - y pow'r and splen - dor Thro' long, long  
 2. O Thou, who, moved by her dis-tress-ful sto - ry Hast aid - ed  
 1. Bo - że coś Pol - ske przez tak dlu-gie wie - ki, O - ta - czal  
 2. Ty kto - rys po - tém, tknię - ty jęj u - pad - kiem, Wspie - ral wal -

**PIANO**

*p* *cresc.*

*mf*

a - ges hast been source and found - er, Who with Thy buck - ler hast been her de -  
 those that fought her cause to cher - ish And made the world bear wit - ness to her  
 bla - skiem po - tę - gi i chwa - ly, Cós ja za - sla - niał tar - czą twej o -  
 czą - cych za naj - świę - tsza spra - wę, A chcąc świat ca - ly mieć jej meś twa

*mf*

*cresc.*

fend - er A - gainst mis - for - tunes threat - ning to sur - round her.  
 glo - ry, Ay, to her cour - age, when most like to per - ish:  
 pie - ki Od nie - szczęś - któ - re przy - gnę - bić ja chcia - ly.  
 świad - kiem. Wnies - zcęs - ciach sa - mych pom - na - żał jej sla - wę.

*cresc.*

*più f* *f*

Here at Thine al - tar thank - ful hearts we ten - der: Lord, deign our  
 Przed twe ol - ta - rze sa - no - sim bla - ga - nie: Oj - chy - szyć,

*più f* *f*

1. *dim.* Repeat for Chorus 2. *dim.*

free - dom once a - gain to ren - der! once a - gain to ren - der!  
 wol - ność, racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! D.C.

*dim.* *dim.*

*p* *cresc.*

3. When in their gore the Po - lish peo - ple wel - ter We for our per - ish'd  
 4. Re - store our Po - land to her an - cient glo - ry, Wealth may the fields, the  
 3. Gdy na - ród pol - ski dzi - siał we krwi to - nie, Za na szych bra - ci  
 4. Wróć nas - zęj Pol - sce świet - ność sta - ro - żyt - ną, U ży - s - niaj po - la,

*p* *cresc.*

*mf*

breth - ren, Lord, im - plore Thee! Life, as of yore new - born, re - vive and shel - ter!  
 wast - ed corn - lands gath - er! To us more hap - pi - ness, more free - dom ren - der!  
 po - leg - lyck bla - ga - my: Zbudź daw - ne ży - cie w na - szęj mat - ki lo - nie,  
 spus - tos - sa - Le lan - y: Niech szczę - cie, wol - ność, na wie - ki w niej kwit - ną,

*mf*

*cresc.*

U - nite in one our land's three parts be - fore Thee!  
 Cease from Thy an - gry chas - tise - ment, our Fa - ther!  
 Złej wjed - no cia - lo kra - ju trzy od - la - my!  
 Po - prze - stań ka - rać, Bo - że za - gnie - wan - y!

*cresc.*

*più f*

Here at Thine al - tar thank - ful hearts we ten - der: Lord, deign our  
 Przed twe ol - ta - rze za - no - sim bla - ga - nie: Oj - czy - snę,  
*f*

*più f*

1. *dim.* *Repeat for Chorus* 2. *dim.*

free - dom once a - gain to ren - der! once a - gain to ren - der!  
 wol - ność, racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! racz nam wró - cić Pa - nie! *D. S.*  
*dim.* *dim.*

5.  
 God, whose right arm in boundless power extended  
 Breaks earthly monarchs' sceptres rashly taken,  
 Let all thy foes' designs of harm be ended.  
 Within our souls a hope of peace awaken!  
 Here at Thine altar etc.

6.

5.  
 Boże którego ramię sprawiedliwe  
 Żelazne berła władców świata kruszy,  
 Zniwecz tych wrogów zamiary szkodliwe,  
 Obudź nadzieję w tęsknej naszej duszy!  
 Przed twe etc.

6.



# OUR LAND, OUR FATHERLAND

## (VÅRT LAND, VÅRT FOSTERLAND)

RUNEBERG

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Finland)

FRIEDRICH PACIUS

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante maestoso

VOICE

*f* *mf*

Our land, our land, our Fa - ther - land! O dear - est word, ring loud! No  
 Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fo - ster - land, Ljud högt, o dy - ra ord! Ej

PIANO

*f* *mf*

*mp*

high - lands fill'd with moun - tains grand, No lev - el vale, no wave-beat strand, Makes  
 lyfts en höjd mot him - lens rund, Ej sänks en dal, ej sköljs en strand, Mer

*espress.* *mp*

*cresc.* *f* *rall.*

hu - man hearts more fond - ly proud, Than thine, our fa - thers' land. —  
 äl - skad än vår bygd i nord, Än vå - ra fä - ders jord. —

*cresc.* *f* *rall.*

# LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE KING

## (TRACASCĂ REGELE)

ALEXANDRI

Translated by H. F. B.

(Roumania)

A. HÜBSCH

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro maestoso

VOICE

*mf* Long live our no - ble king, *mp* Hon - or and  
 Tra - cas - câ Re - ge - le In pa - ce

PIANO

*mf* *mp*

*cresc.* *f*

peace to him. Long, for our dear - loved land, Live our  
 si o - nor, De tea - ra in - bi - tor Sa - pa -

*cresc.* *f*

*dim.* *frisoluto*

no - ble de - fend - er. May he reign glo - ri - ous, ———  
 ra - tor de tea - rá! Fi e Domn Glo - ri - os ———

*dim.* *f* *marcato*

Brave lord of all; Con-quer - or, ev - er -  
 Pes - te - noi, Fie'n - veci no - rò -

more, Ne'er may he fall. O God Al -  
 eos. In res - boi O Dóm - no

might - y, O heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Up -  
 sfin - te Ce - re - se pâ - rin - te, Sus -

hold with lov - ing hand The ho - ly crown of Rou - ma - nia.  
 ti - ne cu a ta ma - nă Co - ró - na Ro - mâ - nă.

*f*  
*marcato*  
*f sempre*  
*ff*  
*cresc.*  
*mp*  
*marcato*  
*cresc.*  
*f*  
*espress.*  
*cresc.*  
*f*

# RISE, O SERVIANS (USTAJ, USTAJ SRBINE)

(Servia)

Translated by H. F. B.

Old Melody

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Marcia risoluto*

VOICE

Rise, O Ser-vians, swift a - rise, Lift your ban - ners to the skies,  
U - staj, u - staj Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na o - ruž - je!

PIANO

*f risoluto**cresc.*

For your coun - try needs her chil - dren, Fight to make her free.  
Dan te će - ka noć već be - ga, U - staj ne o - kle - raj.

*cresc.**più f ben marcato*

Rise, O rise, and crush our en - e - my, Rise and fight for lib - er -  
Na no - ge, Sr - bi bra - čo, Slo - bo - da

*più f**cresc.**cresc.*

ty. ——— *f* Free the Sav and Du - na flow, Let us too un -  
 so - ve. Do - sta be - še ne - vo - lje, Do - sta bi i'

*cresc.* fet - ter'd go, O'er the wild Mo - ra - vian moun - tains, Swift shall flow sweet  
 tu ——— ge Sad se dr - ži duš - ma - ni - ne, Kad te Sr - bin

*cresc.*

*più f ben marcato* Free - dom's foun - tains, Down shall sink the foe. Rise, O rise, and  
 skru - - ši Kad te Sr - bin skru - ši! Na no - ge, ———

*più f*

*cresc.* crush our en - e - my, Rise and fight for lib - er - ty. ———  
 Sr - bi bra - čo, Slo - - bo - da ——— so - - ve.

*cresc.*

# JOIN, O MARITZA

## (CHOUMI MARITZA)

(Bulgaria)

Translated by H. F. B.

Founded on an old popular air  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Marziale**

**VOICE**

*p*

Join, O Ma-ri - tza, Blood to thy wa - ters; Sad - ly are weep - ing  
Chou - mi Ma-ri - tza O - krva - ve - na, pla tche vdo vi - tza,

**PIANO**

*p espress.*

*cresc.*

moth - ers and daugh - ters. For - ward, for - ward March our sol - diers  
lu - to ra - ne - na. Ma - rche, ma - rche, gue - ne - ra - le,

*f*

*cresc.*

*f marc.*

*mp*

*cresc.*

1. 2.

brave, One, two and three, We march our land to save. save.  
nache, Raz, dva - a tri ma - rche vä tzi. tzi.

*mp*

*cresc.*

# SONG TO THE SULTAN (L'HAMIDIÉ)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Turkey)

Ascribed to NEDJIB PASHA

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Marziale

VOICE

O — mon-arch su-preme of the u - ni - verse, O — ben - e - fac - tor —  
Ei — vé - li e ni — mé - ti a - le — mé — ché - hin cha - hi — dji -

PIANO

*mf*

of the world, O — mon-arch su-preme of the u - ni - verse, O — ben - e - fac-tor of the world!  
han, — Ei — vé - li e ni — mé - ti a - le — mé — ché - hin cha - hi — dji - han.

To the great and im-pe - rial throne, Thou giv - est — hon - or and glo - ry, O'er the  
Tah - ti - a - li — bah - ti os — ma - ni - yé — vir — din — is - su chan, Tah - ti

great and im-pe - rial throne — Doth thy ra - dant pres - ence — shine.  
a - li — bah - ti os — ma - ni - yé — vir — din — is - su — chan.

*p*

All are re-joice - a - round thee,      'Neath thy might-y sway, —  
 Sa yé yi lut - fon hu - ma - yu - nun,      La - a - lem kia - mu - ran,

*p* *espress.*

*mp*

Faith-ful thy peo - ple sur - round thee,      Love thee, guard and o - bey.  
 Sa yé yi lut - fon hu - ma - yu - nun,      La - a - lem - kia - ran.

*mp* *espress.*

*cresc.*

O — Sul - tan Ha - mid, long mayst thou reign be - nef - i - cent,  
 Sal - ta - nat - lé — tchok sé - man Sul - tan Ha - mid zef - kit hé - man,

*cresc.*



*mf* *cresc.* *f*

Lord of life and death, we hail thee, Ru - ler mag-nif - i - cent.  
 Sal - ta - nat - lé tchok sé - man Sul - tan Ha - mid zef. kit hé - man.

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*p*

All are re-joicing a - round thee, 'Neath thy might - y sway,  
 Tchok ya - cha ei - pa - di - cha him, Dev - le - tin le tchok ya - cha

*p* *espress.*

*f*

Faith-ful thy peo-ple sur - round thee, Love thee, guard and o - bey.  
 Tchok ya - cha ei - pa - di - cha him, Cher ke - tin le bin - ya - cha.

*f* *espress.* *ff*

# HYMN TO FREEDOM

(SE GNORI Z'APO TIN KOPSI)

SALOMOS (1828)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Greece)

N. MANZAROS

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Moderato**

**VOICE**

*f* Ah! 'tis thou, I know the gleam - ing Of thy  
 Se gno - ri z'a - po tin ko - psi Tow spa -

**PIANO**

*f*

*cresc.*

*mf*

sword so keen and bright, — And I know that glance em -  
 thiow tin tro - me - ri, — Se gno - ri z'a - po tin

*mf*

*cresc.*

*mp*

bra - cing All the world — with - in its light. — 'Fore thee,  
 o - psi, Pow me via — me - trai tin yi. — 'Ap ta

*cresc.*

*mp*

sprung from blood of he - roes, Lib - er - ty, the ty - rants  
 ko - ka - la gal - mé - ni Ton 'El - li - non ta ie -

quail. Hail, O Free - dom, hail, O Free - dom, Ours the  
 ra. Kai - san pro - ta'an - drei - o - mé - ni Chai - ré,ò

vic - to - ry, all hail! Hail, O Free - dom, hail, O  
 chai - ré, E - leu - the - ria! Kai - san pro - ta'an - drei - o -

Free - dom, Ours the vic - to - ry, all hail!  
 mé - ni, Chai - ré,ò chai - ré E - leu - the - ria!

# HYMN TO FREEDOM

(SE GNORI Z'APO TIN KOPSI)

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**Moderato**

**VOICE**

Ah! 'tis thou, I know the gleam - ing Of thy  
Se gno - ri z'a - po tin ko - psi Tow spa -

**PIANO**

*f* *cresc.*

*mf*

sword so keen and bright, — And I know that glance em -  
thiow tin tro - me - ri, — Se gno - ri z'a - po tin

*mf*

*cresc.* *mp*

bra - cing All the world — with - in its light. — 'Fore thee,  
o - psi, Pow me via — me - trai tin yi. — 'Ap ta

*cresc.* *mp*

sprung from blood of he - roes, Lib - er - ty, the ty - rants  
 ko - ka - la vgal - mé - ni Ton El - li - non ta ie -

quail. Hail, O Free - dom, hail, O Free - dom, Ours the  
 ra. Kai - san pro - ta'an drei - o - mé - ni Chai - ré,ò

vic - to - ry, all hail! Hail, O Free - dom, hail, O  
 chai - ré, E - leu - the - ria! Kai - san pro - ta'an drei - o -

Free - dom, Ours the vic - to - ry, all hail!  
 mé - ni, Chai - ré,ò chai - ré E - leu - the - ria!

# WAR SONG

## ('O KAIROS ADELPHOI)

(Greece)

*Translated by H. F. B.**Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

**Tempo di marcia**

**VOICE**

1. Broth-ers up, swift a - rise, Free - dom's hour is dawn - ing  
 1. 'O kai - ros a - del - phoi tes é - len - the - ri - as  
 2. Mè pho - bes - the grai - koi, o - ti sis - the takk' o -

**PIANO**

glo - rious, Greece a - wake, as of old, See she wends her way vic -  
 phi - nei, Kai to gé - nos é mon tás du - ná - meis tes lam -  
 li - goi, 'H En - ro - pei - dow tús a'g - ka - las tes an - oi -

to - rious. Ye ty - rants, fear and trem - ble, For ven - geance now we threat - en, Your  
 bá - nei. 'O tú - ran - nos klo - nei - tai, Ten pto - sin tow pho - bei - tai, 'Stà  
 ge - i. Gen - nai - oi Rou - me - lio - tai Mo - rai - tai kai nes - io - tai, Na

*più f*

weap - ons seize, your weap - ons seize, And strike for lib - er - ty, Your  
 ar - ma - ta, 'sta ar - ma - ta, Me - gá - loi kai mi - kroi, 'Sta  
 bal - le - te pho - ti - an E - is o - len ten Tour - kian, Na

*più f*

*f*

weap - ons seize, your weap - ons seize, And strike for lib - er - ty. A -  
 ar - ma - ta, 'sta ar - ma - ta, Me - gá - loi kai mi - kroi. Spa -  
 bal - le - te pho - ti - an E - is o - len ten pho - tian. Pho -

*f*

*cresc. molto*

rise, — a - rise, — a - rise, — a - rise, a - rise, a - rise!  
 thi, — spa - thi, — spa - thi, — spa - thi, spa - thi, spa - thi!  
 tià, — pho - tià, — pho - tià, — pho - tià, pho - tià, pho - tià!

*cresc. molto*

*marcato*

*sostenuto*

# 48 KHEDIVAL HYMN (HA NI AN BÉ) (Egypt)

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Alla Marcia

VOICE

*f*

Ah! glad are the chil-dren of E - gypt of old, They, ra-diant the face of their  
Ha ni an bé au da - ti sa - mil ma - kam Ab - bas - sou Hel-mial ké.

PIANO

*f marcato*

*dim.* *f*

Khe-dive be-hold, The might-y Ab - bas Hel-mi, The giv - er of wealth and peace is he.  
de - oil hou-man Tah za mis rou - bis sa-lam Oi ha - ya tu - hu tu - lad da - youm.

*dim.* *f*

*mf* *meno f*

So sing — to-geth - er, with — one — voice, Let all — as-sem - ble,  
Fi zel - li hi oi fi - ah di hi Mil nal - mu-na don

*mf* *meno f*

*f*

and — re - joice, May God give him grace as of yore, And in peace keep his peo - ple — ev - er - more.  
nal - a - nam Oil Ku - lu nad - hu suh ba - tam Ha - rabb - bal le glou — al - ma - ram.



# MAY OUR LORD LONG REIGN

## (KIMI GA YO)

(Japan)

Translated by H. F. B.

HAYASHI HIROMORI  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*Largamente*

VOICE

May our lord \_\_\_\_\_ long \_\_\_\_\_ reign While the sun \_\_\_\_\_  
 Ki - mi ga \_\_\_\_\_ yo \_\_\_\_\_ wa, Chi - yo ni \_\_\_\_\_

PIANO

*f*

for a thou - sand years shall shine. Hail our lord! May his glo - ry  
 ya - chi - yo ni Sa - sa - ré ish - i no I wa - o to

*dim.**cresc.*

nev - er wane; Firm as rock, our \_\_\_\_\_ faith \_\_\_\_\_ be \_\_\_\_\_ thine!  
 na - ri - té Ko - ké no mu - su \_\_\_\_\_ ma dé.

*dim.**cresc.*

# 50

## DRILL SONG

### (SHŌTAI)

(Japan)

Melody by ISAWA SHIYI  
 Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Tempo di Marcia**

**VOICE**

*f* *cresc.*

1. Sol - diers! At - ten - tion! Right turn! One, two, three: Sol - diers! At -  
 1. Shō - ta - i mi - gi mu - ke ichi ni san, Shō - ta - i

**PIANO**

*mf tenuto e pesante* *cresc.*

*mf*

ten - tion! For - ward! One, two, three: Halt! Com - rades! All stand ea - sy!  
 su - su - me - ya ichi ni san, Shō - ta - i to - ma - re - ya

*mf*

*più f*

One, two, three: Or - ders o - bey, if you a sol - dier brave would be.  
 ichi ni san, Gō - re - i ma - mo - re - ya yo - ki he - i - shi.

*più f*

*f*

2. Sol - diers, keep step in march - ing! One, two, three: Turn to the  
 2. Shō - ta - i na - o - re - ya ichi ni san, Kō - o - do

*f tenuto e pesante*

left! At - ten - tion! One, two, three: Sol - diers, be read - y, stead - fast!  
 hi - da - ri - ye ichi ni san, Shō - ta - i ya - su - me - ya

One, two, three: Du - ty o - bey, if you an of - fi - cer would be.  
 ichi ni san, Yu - dan wo su - ru - na - yo yo - ki he - i - shi.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

(United States of America)

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH (1750-1836)  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Con spirito

VOICE

1. Oh! — say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so  
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the  
 3. And — where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the  
 4. Oh, — thus be it ev - er when free men shall stand Be -

PIANO

*f marcato*

*cresc.* *più f*

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright  
 foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the  
 hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A — home and a  
 tween their loved homes, and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vic - t'ry and

*cresc.* *più f*

stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so  
 breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -  
 coun - try should leave us no more? Their — blood has wash'd out their foul  
 peace, may the Heav'n - res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre -

*mf*

gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in  
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first  
foot - steps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and  
served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must when our cause it is

*mf*

*cresc.*

air, beam. Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!  
slave. In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines in the stream.  
just, From the ter - ror of light or the gloom of the grave.  
And this is our mot - to - "In God is our Trust!"

*cresc.*

*Chorus più f* *cresc.*

Oh! say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet  
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh, long may it  
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth  
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth

*più f* *cresc.*

*mf* *cresc.* *allargando* *f*

wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

*mf* *cresc.* *allargando*

## YANKEE DOODLE

(United States of America)

OLD TUNE

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

*Con spirito*  
*p Solo*

VOICE

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain  
2. And there we see a thou - sand men, As rich as Squire\_\_

PIANO

*p*

*dim.*

Good - ing, And there we saw the men and boys, As thick as ha - sty pud - ding.  
Da - vid, And what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.

*dim.*

*Chorus*

*p*

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

*f* *p*

*cresc.*

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

*f* *cresc.* *sfz*

*p Solo*

3. And there I see a swamp - ing gun Large as a log of  
 4. And ev - 'ry time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of  
 5. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton, And gen - tle folks a -

*dim.*

ma - ple; Up - on a deu - ced lit - tle cart, A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.  
 pow - der; And makes a noise like fa - ther's gun, On - ly a 'na - tion loud - er.  
 bout him; They say he's grown so 'tar - nal proud, He will not ride with - out 'em.

*dim.*

*Chorus*

Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

*f*

Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

*cresc.* *sfz*

## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

(United States of America)

PROF. PHYLA

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock.*

Maestoso

VOICE

1. Hail! Co-lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who  
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore; Let  
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame Let — Wash - ing - ton's great name Ring  
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com - mands, Once more to serve his coun - try, stands The

PIANO

*f marcato*

*mp* *cresc.*

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And  
 no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand In -  
 thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let  
 rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But

*mp* *cresc.*

*f* *cresc.*

when the storm of war was gone En - joy'd the peace your val - or won; Let  
 vade the shrine where sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well - earn'd prize; While  
 ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, — Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With  
 arm'd in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you; When

*f* *cresc.*



*f* in - de - pen - dence be — your — boast, *p* Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,  
 of - f'ring peace, sin - cere — and — just, In Heav'n we place a man - ly trust That  
 e - qual skill, with stead - y — pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of  
 hope was sink - ing in — dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

*mp* Ev - er grate - ful for — the prize *f* Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
 truth and jus - tice will — pre - vail And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.  
 hor - rid war or guides with ease The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.  
 stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

*ff* *Chorus* Firm, u - nit - ed let — us — be, *cresc.* Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty,  
*ff* *cresc.*

*mf* As a band of broth - ers — join'd, *cresc.* Peace — and — safe - ty we shall find. *f*  
*mf* *cresc.* *f*

# 54 THE MAPLE LEAF

(Canada)

Con spirito

*Solo*

Words and Music by ALEXANDER MINES

*Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock*

VOICE



1. In days of yore from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt - less  
2. At Queens-town Heights and Lun - dy's Lane Our brave fa - thers,  
3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to  
4. On mer - ry Eng - land's far - famed land May kind Heav - en

PIANO



he - ro came, And plant - ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag On — Ca-na-da's fair do -  
side by side, For free - dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly  
Noot - ka Sound; May peace for ev - er be our lot, And — plen-teous store a -  
sweet - ly smile; God bless old Scot - land ev - er more, And — Ire - lands Em - 'rald

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It features a *mf* dynamic and a *cresc.* marking. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

main! Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to -  
died; And those dear rights which they main-tain'd, We swear to yield them  
bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis - cord can - not  
Isle. Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues the melody and bass line from the second system. It features a *più f* dynamic and a *cresc.* marking. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

*cresc.*

geth - er,      The   This - tle,   Sham-rock,   Rose   en - twine,   The   Ma - ple   Leaf   for  
 nev - er!      Our   watch - word   ev - er - more   shall   be,   The   Ma - ple   Leaf   for  
 sev - er,      And   flour - ish   green o'er   Free - dom's   home,   The   Ma - ple   Leaf   for  
 quiv - er,      God   save   our   King; and   Heav - en   bless   The   Ma - ple   Leaf   for

*cresc.*

*ff* Chorus

ev - er!  
 ev - er!  
 ev - er!  
 ev - er!

The   Ma - ple   Leaf,   our   em - blem   dear,   The   Ma - ple   Leaf   for

*ff*

*più f* *cresc.*

ev - er!      God   save   our   King; and   Heav - en   bless   The   Ma - ple   Leaf   for   ev - er!

*più f* *cresc.*

## LONG LIVE CANADIAN MAIDENS

(VIVE LA CANADIENNE)

(Canada)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

French Air : Derrière chez mon père  
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Allegretto*  
*mf Solo*

VOICE

1. Long live Ca-na-dian, maid - ens, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Long  
 2. We'll to the wed-ding take them, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! We'll  
 1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Vi -  
 2. Nous la me-nons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Nous

PIANO

*mf*

*mp* *dim.* *f Chorus*

live Ca-na-dian maid ens, And their soft charm-ing eyes. — Long live Ca-na-dian  
 to the wed-ding take them, All dress'd fine as can be. — We'll to the wed-ding  
 ve la Ca-na-dien - ne, Et ses jo-lis yeux doux. — Vi - ve la Ca-na-  
 la me-nons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, — Nous la me-nons aux

*mp* *dim.* *f*

maid - ens, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Long live Ca-na-dian maid - ens, And  
 take them, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! We'll to the wed-ding take them, All  
 dien - ne, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Vi - ve la Ca-na-dien - ne, Et  
 no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur, vo - le, Nous la me-nons aux no - ces, Dans

*mp Solo*

their soft charm - ing eyes. — Their charm - ing eyes so soft, soft, soft, Their  
 dress'd fine as can be. — All dress'd as fine, as fine can be, All  
 ses jo - lis yeux doux. — Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et  
 tous ses beaux a - tours, — Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans

*mp*

*marcato*

*f Chorus*

charm - ing eyes so soft, Their charm - ing eyes so soft, soft, soft, Their  
 dress'd fine as can be, All dress'd as fine, as fine can be, All  
 ses jo - lis yeux doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et  
 tous ses beaux a - tours, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans

*f*

*marcato*

*mf Solo*

charm - ing eyes so soft, Long live Ca - na - dian maid - ens, Heart, my heart, make  
 dress'd fine as can be, We'll take them to the wed - ding, Heart, my heart, make  
 ses jo - lis yeux doux, Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Vo - le, mon coeur,  
 tous ses beaux a - tours, Nous la me - nons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon coeur,

*mf*

*f Chorus*

mer - ry! Long live Ca - na - dian maid - ens, And their soft charm - ing eyes. —  
 mer - ry! We'll take them to the wed - ding, All dress'd fine as can be. —  
 vo - le, Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux. —  
 vo - le, Nous la me - nons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours. —

*f*

*mf Solo*

3. With fair-hair'd girls we'll dance there, Heart, my heart, make mer - - ry! With  
 4. Send round the full de - can - ters, Heart, my heart, make mer - - ry! Send  
 3. On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - - le, On  
 4. On pas - se la ca - ra - - fe, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - - le, On

*mf*

*mp* *dim.* *f* Chorus

fair-hair'd girls we'll dance there, Change part - ners fre - quent - ly. — With fair-hair'd girls we'll  
 round the full de - can - ters, And each must drink in turn. — Send round the full de -  
 danse a - vec nos blon - des, Nous chan - geons tour à tour, — On danse a - vec nos  
 pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Nous bu - vons tous un coup, — On pas - se la ca -

*mp* *dim.* *f*

dance there, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! With fair-hair'd girls we'll dance there, Change  
 can - ters, Heart, my heart, make mer - ry! Send round the full de - can - ters, And  
 blon - des, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Nous  
 ra - fe, Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Nous

*mp Solo*

part - ners fre - quent - ly. — With fair-hair'd girls we'll dance, dance, dance, With  
 each must drink in turn. — And each must drink in turn, turn, turn, And  
 chan - geons tour à tour, — Nous chan - geons tour à tour, tour, tour, Nous  
 bu - vons tous un coup, — Nous bu - vons tous un coup, coup, coup, Nous

*mp* *marcato*

*f* Chorus

fair - hair'd girls we'll dance, With fair - hair'd girls we'll dance, dance, dance, With  
 each must drink in turn, And each must drink in turn, turn, turn, And  
 chan - geons tour à tour, Nous chan - geons tour à tour, tour, tour, Nous  
 bu - vons tous un coup, Nous bu - vons tous un coup, coup, coup, Nous

*marcato*

*mf* Solo

fair - hair'd girls we'll dance, With fair - hair'd girls we'll dance there, Heart, my heart, make  
 each must drink in turn, Send round the full de - can - ters, Heart, my heart, make  
 chan - geons tour à tour. On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Vo - le, mon cœur,  
 bu - vons tous un coup. On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Vo - le, mon cœur,

*mf*

*f* Chorus

mer - ry! With fair - hair'd girls we'll dance there, Change part - ners fre - quent - ly. —  
 mer - ry! Send round the full de - can - ters, And each must drink in turn. —  
 vo - le, On danse a - vec nos blon - des, Nous chan - geons tour à tour. —  
 vo - le, On pas - se la ca - ra - fe, Nous bu - vons tous un coup. —

*f*

5.  
 ♫ But joy goes on increasing,  
 Heart, my heart, make merry!  
 But joy goes on increasing,  
 Till tipsy are we all. ♫  
 ♫ Till tipsy are we all, all, all,  
 Till tipsy are we all. ♫  
 But joy goes on increasing,  
 Heart, my heart, make merry!  
 But joy goes on increasing,  
 Till tipsy are we all.

5.  
 ♫ Mais le bonheur augmente,  
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,  
 Mais le bonheur augmente,  
 Quand nous sommes tous souls. ♫  
 ♫ Quand nous sommes tous souls, souls, souls,  
 Quand nous sommes tous souls. ♫  
 Mais le bonheur augmente,  
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,  
 Mais le bonheur augmente,  
 Quand nous sommes tous souls.

# PATRIOTIC SONG

## (CANCION PATRIOTICA)

(Mexico)

*Translated by Frederick H. Martens**Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock**Allegro moderato**f Chorus*

VOICE

We guard our in - de - pen - dence! Long flour - ish li - ber - ty!  
 So - mos in - de - pen - dien - tes, Vi - va la li - ber - tad,

PIANO

*f*

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

And in this land of free - dom Reign e - qual - i - ty!  
 Vi - va A - me - ri - ca li - bre, Y vi - va la i - qual - dad.

*mf* *cresc.* *f*

*Fine*

*mf Solo* *cresc.*

1. Three cen - tur - ies op - pres - sion, Three of a - buse we bore;—  
 2. Af - ter so ma - ny cy - cles, Pros - trate in sla - vry pass'd,—  
 1. Tres sig - los o - pri - mi - dos, Tres sig - los de ri - gor,—  
 2. Des - pues de tan - tos a - ños Des - cla - va - tud ti - ra - na,

*mf* *cresc.*



*mp* *cresc.*

Three 'neath the ty-rant groan-ing,      What could we suf-fer more?  
 He-roes we now a-ris-ing,      Our fet-ters from us cast,  
 Los tres de des-po-tis-mo      Ha-brá mal-dad may-or,  
 Han ro-to las ca-de-nas      Los he-roes de la pa-tria,

*mf* *f*

Three 'neath the ty-rant groan-ing,      What could we suf-fer more?  
 He-roes we now a-ris-ing,      Our fet-ters from us cast,  
 Los tres de des-po-tis-mo      Ha-brá mal-dad may-or,  
 Han ro-to las ca-de-nas      Los he-roes de la pa-tria,

*mf* *f* *D.C.*

Three 'neath the ty-rant groan-ing,      What could we suf-fer more?  
 He-roes we now a-ris-ing,      Our fet-ters from us cast.  
 Los tres de des-po-tis-mo      Ha-brá mal-dad may-or.  
 Han ro-to las ca-de-nas      Los he-roes de la pa-tria.

*f* Chorus

We guard our in - de - pen - dence! Long flour - ish li - ber - ty!  
 So - mos in - de - pen - dien - tes, Vi - va la li - ber - tad,

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *Fine*

And in this land of free - dom Reign e - qual - i - ty!  
 Vi va A - me - ri - ca li - bre, Y vi - va la i - qual - dad.

*mf* Solo *cresc.*

3. Loud let the can - non thun - der, Loud let the can - non roar, —  
 4. Cor - téz, thy name ac - curs - ed, Name shame - ful to re - call, —  
 5. Af - ter so man - y cy - cles, Bur - den'd with pain and toils, —  
 3. Fue - go, fue - go ar - til - le - ros, Fue - go, fue - go el ca - ñon, —  
 4. Cor - téz, o nom - bre in - fa - me! Que re - cuer - da la a - tros —  
 5. Des - pues de tan - tos sig - los De pe - nas y tra - ba - jos —

*mp* *cresc.*

Fire, can - non - iers, your val - or Shall ev - 'ry foe - man awe,  
 Links with the aw - ful "Con - quest" Mem - 'ries that e'er ap - pal,  
 Peace crowns at last our ef - forts, Our lib - er - ty as - soils,  
*Fue - go, fue - go res - pi - re, Fue - go y vi - va el va - lor,*  
*Con - quis - ta, que los sig - los Han vis - to con hor - ror,*  
*Con nues - tra li - ber - tad. — La paz ya re - co - bra - mos,*

*mf* *f*

Fire, can - non - iers, your val - or Shall ev - 'ry foe - man awe,  
 Links with the aw - ful "Con - quest" Mem - 'ries that e'er ap - pal,  
 Peace crowns at last our ef - forts, Our lib - er - ty as - soils,  
*Fue - go, fue - go res - pi - re, Fue - go y vi - va el va - lor,*  
*Con - quis - ta, que los sig - los Han vis - to con hor - ror,*  
*Con nues - tra li - ber - tad. — La paz ya re - co - bra - mos,*

*mf* *D.S.*

Fire, can - non - iers, your val - or Shall ev - 'ry foe - man awe.  
 Links with the aw - ful "Con - quest" Mem - 'ries that e'er ap - pal.  
 Peace crowns at last our ef - forts, Our lib - er - ty as - soils.  
*Fue - go, fue - go res - pi - re, Fue - go y vi - va el va - lor.*  
*Con - quis - ta, que los sig - los Han vis - to con hor - ror.*  
*Con nues - tra li - ber - tad. — La paz ya re - co - bra - mos.*

# NATIONAL HYMN (HYMNO NACIONAL)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

(Brazil)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

*mf Solo*

VOICE

1. At last has dawn'd that bright morn - ing Which  
 2. Thou sev - enth of A - pril so glo - rious Should  
 3. A reign of wis - dom and pru - dence Be -  
 1. A - ma - nha - ceu - fi - nal - men - te A  
 2. Se - te - de A - bril - sem - pre u - fa - no Dos  
 3. U - ma - re - gen - cia pru - den - te, Um

PIANO

*mf*

free - dom to Bra - zil did give, — A day nev - er more to be for -  
 not thy name our cit - y bear, O? Should we call her Ri - o  
 neath a rul - er na - tive - born, — Will grant us the best of good -  
 li - ber - da - de as Bra - sil. — Não não vae á se - pul -  
 di - a se - ja o pri - mei - ro, Cha - me - se Ri - o d'A -  
 mo - nar - cha bra - si - lei - ro, Nos pro - met - tem ven - tu -



got - ten, The sev - enth of A - pril shall live. — Nev - er  
 A - pril\*) Or still call her Ri - o. Ja - nei - ro? Nev - er  
 for - tune, A flat - t'ring fu - ture to dawn. — It will  
 tu - ra O di - a se - te d'A - bril. — Não não  
 bril O que é Rio de Ja - nei - ro. Cha - me -  
 ro - so O por - vir mais li - son - gei - ro. Nos pro -



\*) A play on words: Abril-April; Janeiro-January.

shall be that day for-got-ten, The sev - enth of A - pril shall live, Nev - er  
 shall be that gift for-got-ten. The sev - enth of A - pril did give, Nev - er  
 grant us the best of for-tune, A flat - t'ring fu - ture to dawn. It will  
 vae — á se - pul - tu - ra O di - a — se - te d'A - bril. Não, não  
 se — Ri - o d'A - bril O que é — Rio de Ja - neiro. Cha-me-  
 met - tem ven - tu - ro - so O por - vir — mais li - son - geiro. Nos pro-

*dim.* *mf*

shall be that day for - got-ten, The sev - enth of A - pril shall live. }  
 shall be that gift for - got-ten. The sev - enth of A - pril did give. } The  
 grant us the best of for-tune, A flat - t'ring fu - ture to dawn. }  
 vae — á se pul - tu - ra O di - a — se - te d'A - bril. }  
 se — Ri - o d'A - bril O que é — Rio de Ja - neiro. } Da  
 met - tem ven - tu - ro - so O por - vir — mais li - son - geiro. }

*dim.* *Chorus* *f*

na - tions — voice — up - lift - ed Sings free - dom's new — char - ter, From  
 pa - tri - a — o — gri - to, Eis se — de - sa - ta Do

*mp*

A - - ma - zon's wa - - ters To banks — of — the Pla - ta! The  
 A - - ma - - zo - - nas a - té — as — Pra - ta, Da

*mp*

*cresc.* *poco* *a*

na - - tion's voice up - lift - - ed Sings free - - dom's new char - ter, The  
 pa - - tri - a o gri - - to Eis se — de - - sa - - ta Da

*cresc.* *poco* *a*

*poco* *f* *dim.*

na - - tion's voice up - lift - ed — Sings free-dom's char-ter E'en from the A-ma-zon to — the  
 pa - - tri - a o gri - to — Eis se — de - sa - ta Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té as —

*poco* *f* *dim.*

*frisoluto*

Pla - ta, E'en from the A-ma-zon to — the banks of Pla - - ta!  
 Pra - ta, Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té — as Pra - - ta.

*cresc.* *f*

*mf Solo*

4. But one — ill — we — ne'er will suf — fer, The  
 5. And gen — er — a — tions un — born — yet Their  
 4. N'es — te — so — lo — não vi — ce — ja A  
 5. Lan — ça — dos — por — mãos d'es — cra — vos Não  
 6. No — vas — ge — ra — ções sus — ten — tem Da

*mf*

ser — vi — tude that makes a slave. — And no — bly the world en — tire —  
 coun — try's glo — ry still shall see, — But nev — er in midst — all her  
 plan — ta — da es — cra — vi — dão; — A quar — ta — par — te do  
 te — me — mos — fer — ros vis, — Fer — ve — a — mor da li — ber —  
 Pa — tria o vi — vo es — plen — dor. — Se — ja — sem — pre a nos — sa



teach — ing, A fourth — part its free — dom we gave. — And we  
 gran — deur, For — get — which — day — made them free! — They will  
 mun — do Deu a's — tres — mel — hor li cão. — A quar —  
 da — de A — té — nas — da — mas gen — tis. — Fer — ve  
 glo — ria O di — a — li — ber — ta — dor. — Se — ja



*dim.* *p*

no - bly, a whole world teach-ing, To one fourth of it we free-dom gave, And  
 nev - er, a - mid her gran-deur, For - get which day made them free! They will  
 ta — par - te do mun - do Deu - a's tres mel - hor li - ção A quar.  
 a - mor da li - ber - da - de A - té nas da - mas gen - tis. Fer - ve  
 sem - pre a nos - sa glo - ria O di - a li - ber - ta - dor, Se - ja

*dim.* *p*

*dim.* *Chorus* *f*

no - bly, a whole world teach-ing, To one fourth of it we free-dom gave. The  
 nev - er, a - mid her gran-deur, For - get which day made them free! Da  
 ta — par - te do mun - do Deu - a's tres mel - hor li - ção.  
 a - mor da li - ber - da - de A - té nas da - mas gen - tis.  
 sem - pre a nos - sa glo - ria O di - a li - ber - ta - dor.

*dim.* *sf* *f*

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed, Sings free - dom's new char - ter, From  
 pa - tri - a, o gri - to, Eis se de - sa - ta Do



*mp*

A - ma - zon's wa - ters To banks of the Pla - ta! The  
A - ma - zo - nas a - té as Pra - ta, Da

*cresc.* *poco* *a*

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed Sings free - dom's new char - ter, The  
pa - tri - a o gri - to Eis se - de - sa - ta, Da

*poco* *f* *dim.*

na - tion's voice up - lift - ed Sings free - dom's char - ter E'en from the A - ma - zon to the  
pa - tri - a o gri - to Eis se - de - sa - ta Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té as

*f risoluto*

Pla - ta, E'en from the A - ma - zon to the banks of Pla - ta!  
Pra - ta, Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té as Pra - ta.

58  
NATIONAL HYMN  
(HIMNO NACIONAL)  
(Argentina)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Andante* *f Solo* *cresc.*

VOICE

1. Hark, ev-'ry man, to the shout of re - joi - cing: Free-dom  
2. Wel-come the new race of he - roes in spir - ed By great  
1. O - id mor - ta - les el gri - to sa - gra - do: Li - ber -  
2. De los nue - vos cam - pe - o - nes los ros - tros Mar - te

PIANO

*f* *mf* *cresc.*

reigns, free-dom reigns, free-dom reigns!  
Mars' ver - y breath, un - dis-may'd.  
tad, li - ber-tad, li - ber - tad!  
mis - mo pa - re - ce a - ni - mar,

Hark, to the clank of the bro-ken fet-ters fall - ing! Now her  
With-in their breast glowsthe sense of their pow - er. See, the  
O - id el rui - do de ro - tas ca - de - nas, Ved en  
La gran - de - za sea - ni - da en sus pe - chos, A su

throne no - ble Jus - tice re-gains.  
earth when they march, shakes a - fraid!  
tro - no la no - ble i - gual - dad.  
mar - cha to - do ha - cen tem - blar.

And from the earth now a - ris - en, em - bat - tled, Let a  
In - their sep - ul - chres stir the proud In - cas, And their  
Se - le - van - ta en la faz de la tier - ra U - na  
Se - con - mue - ven del In - ca las tum - bas, Yen sus

*più f* *cresc.* *più f*

new na - tion glo - rious, you greet; Round her brow twined the fil - let of  
 bones catch the rhythm of the tread Of their sons who go forth to re -  
 nue - vay glo - rio - sa na - cion, Co - ro - na - da su sien de lau -  
 hue - cos re - vi ve el ar - dor, Lo que ve re - no - van - do à sus

*marcato*

*cresc.* *mf*  
 lau - rel, And the proud li - on couch'd at her feet, And the  
 con - quer An - cient glo - ries a - sleep with the dead, An - cient  
 re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - down le - on, Yá sus  
 hi - jos De la pa - tria el an - ti - quoes - plen - dor, De la

*cresc.* *mf*

*f*  
 proud li - on couch'd at her feet, Round her brow twined the fil - let of  
 glo - ries a - sleep with the dead. In their sep - ul - chres stir the proud  
 plan - tas ren - di - down le - on; Co - ro - na - da su sien de lau -  
 pa - tria el an - ti - quoes - plen - dor, Lo que ve re - no - van - do à sus

*dim.*  
 lau - rel, And the proud li - on couch'd at her feet, Round her  
 In - cas, And their bones catch the rhythm of the tread Of their  
 re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - down le - on; Co - ro -  
 hi - jos, De la pa - tria el an - ti - quoes - plen - dor, Lo que

*dim.*

*cresc.* *ff* Chorus

brow twined the fil - let of lau - rel, And the proud li - on couch'd at her feet.  
 sons who go forth to re - conquer An - cient glo - ries a - sleep with the dead. } And to  
 na - da su sien de lau - re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - don le - on. } Sean e -  
 ve re - no - van - do à sus hi - jos De la pa - tria el an - ti - quo es - plen - dor. }

*cresc.* *ff*

guard her lau - rels ev - er One and all will glad - ly vie, One and all will glad - ly  
 ter - nos los lau - re - les Que su - pi - mos con - se - guir, Que su - pi - mos con - se -

*pesante*

*dim.* *prít.* *f a tempo*

vie. Crown'd with glo - ry we'll live glad - ly for her, Or for her we with glo - ry will  
 guir. Co - ro - na - dos de glo - ria vi - va - mos, O ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo -

*dim.* *prít.* *f cresc.* *a tempo*

*più f*

die, Or for her we with glo - ry will die, Or for her we with glo - ry will die.  
 rir, O ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo - rir, O ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo - rir.

*più f*

## 3

Listen to mountains and walls crash asunder,  
 Rent in twain, thunder down on the ground,  
 And cries of vengeance, of fury and battle,  
 Everywhere through the country resound.  
 For the envy of tyrants awakening,  
 With a hatred as bitter as gall,  
 In the field plants their blood-sullied banner  
 And "To arms!" rings the merciless call.  
 And to guard, etc.

## 4

Lo, they have dared to defy Argentinos,  
 With a haughty invader's base scorn.  
 They spurn our soil as they march, rashly singing,  
 Vict'ries destined for them ne'er to dawn.  
 But the brave hearts who swore altogether  
 For their liberties cherished to fend,  
 Will oppose to these blood-thirsty tigers  
 For a wall, valiant breasts to the end.  
 And to guard, etc.

## 5

Up, Argentinos, your arms seizing gladly  
 Seek the battle with ardor elate;  
 When o'er the breadth of the South shrill resounding  
 Clamor tocsins of war at your gate.  
 Buenos Aires the van heads as leader,  
 Of the towns who in union abide,  
 And their arms, strong and valiant, shall strangle  
 The Iberian lion in his pride.  
 And to guard, etc.

## 6

Victory drapes now the brave Argentinos  
 With the splendor of her wings of light,  
 And fill'd with fear at the sight see the tyrant  
 Seek an infamous safety in flight.  
 He his banners, his weapons surrenders,  
 Trophies grateful to Dame Liberty.  
 On the pinions of glory the nation  
 Stands supreme, girt in proud majesty.  
 And to guard, etc.

## 7

Unto the Poles' farthest limits resounding,  
 Hear the trumpet of fame lift her voice,  
 And all her titles to glory repeating  
 With America bid earth rejoice.  
 On the throne of their power established  
 Free the states of the South proudly shine.  
 Let all freemen unite in a greeting:  
 "Argentina! God's blessing be thine!"  
 And to guard, etc.

## 3

*Pero sierras y muros se sienten  
 Retumbar con horrible fragor;  
 Todo el país se conturba por gritos  
 De venganza, de guerra y furor.  
 En los fieros tiranos la envidia  
 Escupio su pestifera hiel;  
 Su estandarte sangriento levantan  
 Provocando à la lid mas cruel.  
 Sean eternos, etc.*

## 4

*A vosotros se atreve Argentinos  
 El orgullo del vil invasor;  
 Vuestros campos ya pisa, cantando  
 Tantas glorias hollar vencedor,  
 Mas los bravos que unidos juraron  
 Su feliz libertad sostener,  
 A esos tigres sedientes de sangre  
 Fuertes pechos sabran oponer.  
 Sean eternos, etc.*

## 5

*El valiente Argentino à las armas  
 Corre ardiendo con brio y valor;  
 El clarin de la guerra cual trueno  
 En los campos del Sud resons.  
 Buenos Aires se opone a la frente  
 De los pueblos de la inclita Union,  
 Y con brazos robustos desgarran  
 Al Iberico altivo leon.  
 Sean eternos, etc.*

## 6

*La victoria al guerrero Argentino  
 Con sus alas brillantes cubrio,  
 Y azorado a su vista el tirano  
 Con infamia a la fuga se dio,  
 Sus banderas, sus armas se rinden  
 Por trofeos a la libertad;  
 Y sobre alas de gloria alza el pueblo  
 Trono digno a su gran majestad.  
 Sean eternos, etc.*

## 7

*Desde un polo hasta el otro resuena  
 De la fama el sonoro clarin,  
 Y de América el nombre enseñando  
 Les repite — mortales, oid:  
 Ya su trono dignisimo abrieron  
 Las Provincias unidas del Sud,  
 Y los libres del mundo responden;  
 Al gran pueblo Argentino, Salud!  
 Sean eternos, etc.*

# THEN DID MOSES SING (AZ YASHIR MOSHE)

(Hebrew)

Translated by H. H. Rubenovitz

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

*Allegretto moderato*  
*mf espress.*

VOICE

Then did Mo - ses sing this song un - to the  
Az ya - shir Mo - she ub - ne yis - ra -

PIANO

*mf espress.*

*p cresc.*

Lord, and with him sang the chil - dren of Is - ra - el, and  
el et ha - shi - ra ha - sot la - do - nai va

*p cresc.*

*f*

spake say - ing, The Lord is a man of  
yo - me - ru le - mor. A - do - nai ish mil cha -

*f*

war: the Lord is His name. Pha-raoh's host and his char-iots  
 mu A-do-nai she mo mar-ke-bot Parng-ho ve-che-

*dim.* *mp*

*dim.* *mp*

too hath He cast in-to the sea: and his  
 lo ya-ra ba-yam u-mib

*p* *cresc.*

*p* *cresc.*

cho-sen cap-tains in the Red Sea He hath drown'd.  
 char-sha-li-shao tu-beng-u be-yam suf.

*p*

*p*

# 60

## GIVE EAR, O LORD

### (ANA BEKORENU)

Translated by H. H. Rubenovitz

(Hebrew)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

**Allegro Solo**

**VOICE**

Give — ear, O Lord, when we call — to — Thee, hear —  
*A - - na be - kor - e - nu — le - kol shav -*

**PIANO**

*p sostenuto*

**Chorus**

*f* our — cry, Hear us, we be — seech Thee. **Solo** *p* In — mer — cy par — don  
*e - - nu, A - do - nai she - mang - a. A - - na be - ra - cha*

*f marcato*

*p sostenuto*

**Chorus**

*f* all — our — greed and per — verse — ness, Hear us, we be — seech Thee. **Solo** *p* Heed the words of our  
*me - cha a - von bits - e - nu, A - do - nai se - la - cha. De - ba - rim la -*

*f marcato*



*f* Chorus *p* Solo

plead - ing, O hear us, good Lord. The sin in which we  
 kach - ti, She - mang A - do - nai. Ve - chet - - bo yu -

*f* Chorus *mf*

were con - ceived, For - give us, good Lord. Give ear, O Lord, when we  
 cham - - ti, Se - lach A - do - nai. A - - na be - kor - e -

*f* *p*

call - to - Thee, hear - our - cry, Hear us, we be - seech Thee. In -  
 nu - le - kol shav - - e - - nu, A - do - nai she - mang - a. A -

*f marcato* *p*

*f*

mer - cy par - don all - our - greed and per - verse - ness, Hear us, we be - seech Thee.  
 na. be - ra - cha me - cha a - von bits - e - nu, A - do - nai se - la - cha.

# Appendix

## KNOW YE THAT RACE OF HERO MOLD

### (KENT GIJ DAT VOLK VOL HELDENMOED)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(The former South African Republic)

Words and Music by  
CATHERINE F. van REES

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

*mf*

1. Know ye that race of he - ro mold, And  
 2. Know ye that race so sore op - press'd, And  
 1. Kent gij dat volk vol held - en - moed, En  
 2. Kent gij dat land zoo chaars be - socht, En

PIANO

*mf*

*cresc.*

yet too long en - slaved? It has out - pour'd its blood and  
 yet su - preme - ly fair, Which na - ture has with won - ders  
 toch zoo lang ge - knecht? Het heeft ge - of - ferd goed en  
 toch zoo heer - lijk schoon? Waar de na - tuur haar won - d'ren

*cresc.*

*f*

gold That free - dom might be saved. Come,  
 bless'd, And fill'd with mu - sic rare? Trans -  
 bloed, Voor vrij - heid en voor recht; Komt  
 wrocht, En kwis - tig stelt den ton; Trans -

*cresc.*

bur - gers, set the ban - ners wav - ing, Our griev - ous woe has  
 vaal - ers, raise our song out - ring - ing Here where our ranks took  
 bur - gers! laat de vlaa - ge wap' - ren, Ons lij - den is voor -  
 va - lers! laat ons feest - lied schal - len, Daar waar ons volk hield

pass'd; Oh, hail the men all dan - ger brav - ing, For  
 stand, Here where our joy - ful shots went sing - ing, This  
 bij, Roemt in den ze - gen on - zrer dap' - ren Dat  
 stand, Waar on - ze vreuy - de scho - ten knal - len, Daar

we are free at last! For we are free, for we are  
 is our fa - ther - land. This ho - ly land, this ho - ly  
 vrij - e volk zijn wij! Dat vrij - e volk, dat vrij - e  
 is ons va - der - land, Dat hee - lijk land, dat hee - lijk

free, For we are free, are free at last!  
 land, This is our land, our fa - ther - land.  
 volk, Dat vrij - e, vrij - e volk zijn wij!  
 land, Dat is ons va - der, va - der - land.

*f* *piu f* *cresc.* *rall.* *f* *rall.*







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